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THE MEADOW PATH.

BY C. S. B.

From the lane through the bloom of the clover
  It winds to the sun-kissed stream
That drifts down the valley forever,
  As pure as an angel's dream—
Out where the sea waves are whispering,
  And sending back echoes of song
To me as I stand in the pathway
  Where the fondest of memories throng.

Memories of days that have perished,
  And faded like friendships away—
Dreamings so tenderly cherished,
  And bright as the blossoms of May.
They'll bloom 'mid my soul thoughts forever,
  Bedewed by the teardrops that fall,
And the path that winds down to the river
  Other hours seems yet to recall.

When over the fields in the twilight
  We wandered that happy day,
And kissed at the bars in the moonlight
  As the waters stole softly away.
The dew of the morning still gleaming
  By the meadow path jewels the flowers,
Though of angels my darling is dreaming,
  And I of those happier hours.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"IS this your last word?" he demanded, drawing back and looking at her, his face still turned from Floris.

"Yes, my last, Bruce," faltered Lady Blanche.

He stood for a moment as if pondering on some way to shake her resolution, then suddenly Lady Blanche seized his arm.

"Bruce! There is someone coming! Go, go at once! If the servants see you here ——"

With a smothered oath the man who was so like Lord Norman that even Floris would not in the dim light distinguish between them seized his hat and whip and strode from the room; and Lady Blanche, almost as if she had suddenly grown suspicious of listeners, glided to the curtains and let them fall over the opening.

The little comedy—or tragedy—was over.

* * * * * *

White to the lips, Floris leant against the statue, clutching the cold marble arm to support herself, while one could count thirty; then, with a convulsive shudder, she looked round with a wild gaze, as if to convince herself that she was awake, and that the whole scene was not a delusion of the senses.

Josine, who had been watching her with pitiless scrutiny, crept up to her; but Floris shrank back and put up her hand.

"Don't touch me!" she panted—"don't speak to me—yet!"

Josine stood beside her, silent and motionless, for full a minute; then, with a long sigh, Floris moved towards the door.

Josine looked relieved, she had feared that, notwithstanding her promise, Floris might be impelled to enter the room and follow Lady Blanche, and perhaps charge her with her duplicity.

But no such thought entered Floris's head;—the one sole idea that possessed her was to get away, anywhere from the scene which at one fell blow had destroyed her happiness and wrecked her young life.

With slow weary steps, she made her way to her room, Josine following her, and sank exhausted upon the bed.

That there had been any foul play she never suspected for a moment. The resemblance between Oscar Raymond and Lord Norman was so close that it had deceived many of Lord Norman's intimate friends in broad daylight, and the room in which the little comedy had been enacted was but dimly lighted.

Then, again, Floris had been skilfully prepared for the deception.

She had been told that she would see Lord Norman; she had been warned of what she would see and hear. Not for one moment did it occur to her that she had been tricked by a diabolically-ingenious plot, and the similarity in appearance between two men.

No! The conspiracy had succeeded beyond even the plotters' expectations, and in Josine's breast, as she stood and looked down at the suffering victim in her first agonies, swelled in a delicious sense of success and triumph.

It was she who had improved upon the plot as at first conceived by Oscar Raymond; it was to her that its success was mainly due.

There remained only the finale, and that must be hurriedly pressed forward.

"Will mademoiselle permit me to get her a glass of wine?" she enquired, in a low voice.

Floris shook her head.

"No? Mademoiselle feels faint, fatigued; I will get a glass of wine——"

Floris held up her hand.

"No! I could not drink it," she breathed, hoarsely. "I wish to be alone," she added, wearily.

Josine hesitated.

"I do not like to leave mademoiselle!" she said, anxiously. "It has been a great shock! Ah, terrible! But mademoiselle will recover; she will learn to forget! Ah, bah! all men are alike! They are deceivers all—every one! It is better that mademoiselle should discover it before marriage than after."

Floris sat staring at the wall, the girl's words falling on her ears unheeded.

"I am sorry—almost—that I told mademoiselle! And yet it was for the best. I hope mademoiselle thinks so, and acquits poor Josine——"

Floris looked up. Her whirling brain had been revolving round one idea—to get away.

"How soon—can I leave?" she asked, painfully.

Josine pricked up her ears, and glanced at the clock.

"There is the afternoon mail," she said. "But will not mademoiselle wait and see Lady Pendleton?"

"No, no!" responded Floris, with a shudder. "I wish to see no one. I wish to go before they return—at once. Will you—" she hesitated; she hated asking this girl to do anything for her, for she loathed her with a loathing that was unaccountable to her—"will you see if I can do so? I will pay you——"

Josine drew herself up.

"I do not require any pay from mademoiselle! I have done what I have done for mademoiselle's good——"

"I beg your pardon. Yes, yes! See then, please!" said Floris.

Josine stole out of the room and went swiftly to Lady Blanche's, and with a slight knock she entered.

Lady Blanche was seated at her table with her proud head bowed in her hands.

Hearing Josine's step, she started and rose up, facing her with angry indignation.

"How dare you come here—" she began, then her voice failed and her eyes drooped before the cool black ones. "Well?" she asked, gloomily.

Josine smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"It is all right, miladi; we have succeeded capitally. Ah, but miladi should have been an actress! She almost deceived Josine, much less the poor Miss Carlisle."

Lady Blanche then waved her hand haughtily.

"Pardon, miladi, I could not help my humble testimony to miladi's talents. Oh, yes; the little comedy has succeeded. Miss Carlisle is convinced that Milord Norman has betrayed her, and is anxious—very, very anxious—to leave the place immediately."

Lady Blanche drew a sigh of relief.

"She has no suspicion, then?—has asked no questions?"

"Suspicion? No! And ask questions?—the poor young lady can scarcely utter a word! It has been so sudden a shock, you see, miladi!"

Lady Blanche paced the floor with clasped hands and bent head.

Some victories, as we all know, cost as much as a defeat; and Lady Blanche's victory was costing her much in shame and degredation.

Josine watched her with a malignant smile of enjoyment; she was having a really pleasant time of it.

Lady Blanche happened to turn and see her smile.

"You fool!" she exclaimed, almost in a hiss; "you cannot foresee what will happen. You forget that she will write!"

"To milord?" said Josine, with easy confidence. "Bah! And if she should, there is no reason why the letter, if it contain anything we disapprove of, should reach miliord. Do you think we do not look over the post-bag every morning in the servants' hall?" And she laughed.

Lady Blanche sank in the chair, and leant her head in her hands.

"What do you want?" she demanded, after a moment.

"Nothing, miladi; I merely called to tell you that all was going well. I am now going to make arrangements for Miss Carlisle's departure. I will come and tell miladi when she has gone." And she stole out.

Floris, left alone, sat for some minutes in the same half-stupefied condition. At present she could scarcely grasp all that had happened; but with every minute it was growing upon her, and she was learning to realize that her lover, the man she had loved—alas! still loved—had adored, had looked up to as something more than human—was false, unutterably false and base, and that he had been guilty of treachery so vile as to be almost inconceivable.

All the light had vanished from her life! A few hours ago she had been so happy as to be fearful of her happiness, and now there was no more wretched being on the face of God's earth.

What she should do she knew not. She could scarcely think, or plan any course of action.

Within her heart echoed the cry that seemed to ring in her ears and stun her—"False! False!' False!"

He had never loved her, she thought, never!

He had been taken by a sudden fancy—by the fancy which had seized him when he read the note of defiance she had sent him before they met, and meeting her he had persuaded himself that he loved her! But it had been a mere fleeting fancy! Had she not heard him tell Lady Blanche so? He had never really loved her! That was the bitterest thought of all!

If he had loved her, and this woman had stolen him from her, she would have had one little reflection to console her in this her hour of agony; that she had once possessed his heart!

But no! It was Lady Blanche whom he had loved all through, and she, Floris, had been just a passing whim, that had died out almost as soon as it was humored!

Oh, the shame, the misery of it! Every kiss she had given him rose up in her memory and mocked at her.

Every endearing word her young, pure lips had whispered in his ears came back to torture her.

Oh, fool, fool that she had been! Why had she listened to him? Why had she not refused his proffered love—Love! the word was a mockery!—and left him to go back to the woman he had never ceased to care for?

And yet—and yet—oh, fool, how she loved him!

Slipping to the ground she knelt beside the bed and hid her face in the coverlid.

She loved him still!

In her innermost heart she knew that if he came to her and confessed his vilenees, and begged for pardon, she must, must give it to him.

The shame of the thought burnt her face and neck with a scarlet flood! Anything, anything would be better than that she should be so tempted to forget herself.

He had called her proud!—she would summon her pride to her assistance. She would go at once, and never see his face again; nothing should induce her to see him—no prayer of his or others; from this moment he should be as one dead to her. Of Lady Blanche she scarcely thought.

That Lady Blanche had refused to fly with him did not weigh with her for a moment.

The temptress's courage had failed at the critical moment, but in time she would have her way, and they would be married.

Floris saw it all as plainly as possible; he would marry her, and they would be happy; and in time he would almost have ceased to remember that such a person as Floris Carlisle ever existed; or, if he thought of her, it would be with a smile of pity and amusement.

Oh, Heaven! it was hard to bear. She dug her hands in the bed to prevent the groan that threatened to rise from her lips—to keep back the hot, burning tears that welled into her eyes.

Like a lost soul thrust from paradise, she groped in the darkness of her misery, and could see no ray of light or hope; all her future lay dark, dark before her!

"If I could die now," she murmured—"if I had died last night, before I knew of this! But no, I shall not die, I shall live and suffer—suffer! There will be no forgetfulness for me; all my life I shall carry this sorrow with me; all my life will be embittered by the memory of these few short happy week! Oh, Bruce! Bruce! if you had but left me alone—if you had but had mercy on me. But you had none. Heaven knows I avoided you. I did not, as other women had done, set a snare for your love. A hundred times I fought against it; but you had no mercy; you taught me to love you, and now it is too late to unlearn that lesson. Oh, Bruce, may Heaven forgive you!—may Heaven deal more kindly with you than you have dealt with me!"

And with this prayer in her wounded heart, she rose, and in dull, numbed fashion, began mechanically to collect her clothes.

A few minutes afterwards Josine came in.

"Ah, that is better!" she said encouragingly. "Mademoiselle is recovering! Soh, soh! But mademoiselle must rest—Josine will see to the packing for her."

And, with noiseless readiness, she began to fill the large imperial.

Floris sank on to the bed and watched her with listless apathy.

If Josine had told her that she must go and leave all her things behind, she would have obeyed, so helpless and weak did she feel.

"I have made all arrangements," whis-

pered Josine presently, as she moved quietly to and fro. "The brougham will be ready in twenty minutes, Mademoiselle will catch the up-train. I will accompany her to the station and see that she starts comfortably."

Floris made no answer. She was thinking of her mother.

She had had a letter from her two days ago, a cheerful, hopeful letter, full of delight in Floris's happiness and the fact that she would be a great countess, the wife of Lord Norman himself! How would her poor old mother, so weak and easily moved, bear this awful blow!

A feeling of remorse filled Floris's heart as she accused herself of almost forgetting her mother during these weeks of dream-like happiness.

And yet she had not forgotten her, had not ceased to think of her fondly and tenderly!

It had only been that the love for Bruce had threatened to absorb all her heart. Bruce! She must never speak or ever think of him by that name again. He must be "Bruce" to her no longer.

If she thought of him at all—and how could she help thinking of him?—it must be as Lord Norman, as one who bore the name of the earl that had been the enemy of hers for generations back, one who had ruined her life, as his forefathers had ruined her fortune!

Yes, there was a fate in it! Surely it had been pre-destined that nothing but ill should come to a Carlisle from a Norman.

"There!" said Josine with a gesture of satisfaction, "All is ready! And now,"—she left the room and returned almost immediately with a glass of wine—"mademoiselle must drink this; just to please poor Josine!" she pleaded, as Floris refused it with a shake of the head. "Ah, but yes; mademoiselle must not count too much on her strength! Supposing she should break down and have to be carried back! Ah, but that would be dreadful!"

Floris stretched out her hand for the glass with a shudder.

Josine watched her as she drank the wine and then, and not till then, drew the telegram from her pocket.

"See, mademoiselle!" she said smoothly. "This has just come; I hope it is not bad news!"

Floris took it apathetically, and opened it, then she started up with a wild cry.

"Heavens, mademoiselle! What is it?" exclaimed Josine, with admirably feigned anxiety.

"My mother!" gasped poor Floris. "My mother is ill—dying! Quick! I must go at once!"

Josine held up her hands, with a French oath, and hurried forward with Floris's jacket and hat.

"Tut! tut! but that is bad news! But it may not be that the poor lady is dying. Oh, mademoiselle makes too much of it; she sees the worst."

"Read!" panted Floris. "It says 'Come at once!' Come at once, and I am hundreds of miles away! Oh, Heaven! what shall I do? What shall I do? Quick! or I shall go mad!"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Josine, genuinely anxious, for she dreaded lest someone should return, and a 'scene' be the result. "Yes, yes! but for the love of Heaven, be calm, mademoiselle! It may not be so bad; and think, it was impossible for mademoiselle to leave earlier! Ah, but I am so sorry!"

Floris scarcely heard her. With feverish eagerness she hurried on her things, and made straight for the door.

Josine caught up her own cloak and bonnet, which she had brought in with her.

"And Lady Pendleton—the message?"

"Give her this!" panted poor Floris, throwing the telegram on the table. "Tell her—I will write——"

"And—and Lord Norman?" said Josine, fearfully.

Floris looked at her as if she did not understand.

The news of her mother's danger had driven all else for the moment out of her mind! With a shudder she flung her hands before her face.

"No! Tell him nothing!" she said. "I—I will write to him also. Be quick! I cannot, will not wait a minute longer!" and almost like one distraught she made her way into the hall.

The footmen and hall-porter stared at her white face, and hurried forward to the door, Josine finding time, as she followed, to whisper—

"Bad news. Mademoiselle is summoned home!"

The brougham door was shut with a bang and the pair of horses dashed towards the station.

Floris shrank into a corner and sat with clasped hands and clasped eyes, and Josine was too wise to utter a word.

When they reached the station, Floris roused herself and drew her purse from her pocket.

A few days ago, Lady Pendleton had paid her salary, and the sum was almost intact still.

"Take it!" she said, pouring the gold into her hand and offering it to Josine. "Take my ticket, and—and please keep the remainder."

Josine's eyes lit up greedily, and she looked at the money; but there is a baseness to which even the vilest of humanity will not descend.

"No, no," she said, vehemently; "not one penny! No, I will not!" she added, almost fiercely, as Floris pathetically pushed the money into her hand. "No! Mademoiselle shall not say I took her money. No, not that!"

And to the miserable creature's credit be it stated that she turned pale.

"No; I will take the ticket—that is enough."

And picking out the required amount she closed Floris's hand and thrust it back sharply.

A sleepy porter came out and assisted the footman with the imperial, and Josine and Floris went on to the platform.

What a contrast in her condition since she had alighted at this same place so short a time ago, to that with which she returned to it!

Then her cup brimmed over with happiness, and now its misery was almost beyond endurance.

Josine got the ticket, and came hurrying up to ask where the luggage should be sent.

Floris told her "Westbury," and the man slowly dabbed the label on.

Floris rapidly paced up and down the platform. Every moment of delay seemed to drive her to despair.

As she thought of the many long miles she must go, of the dreadful hours that must drag through before she could reach her mother's bedside, she felt as if she must throw up her arms and shriek aloud with that sense of helplessness which is an added torture to our misery.

Presently the train came up. It was an express from the far north, and several passengers got out to stretch their legs for a moment or two.

Josine had taken a first-class ticket and found an empty compartment.

Floris got in, and would have gone without a word, but Josine leant forward and said, with a quiver in her voice, which might have been due to remorse, but was more probably caused by excitement—

"Good-bye, mademoiselle! You—you—will not forget your promise to poor Josine?"

Floris looked at her vaguely, then she shook her head and turned away.

"I will not forget. No!" she said.

The guard blew his whistle, and Josine stepped back.

As she did so a gentleman rushed out of the station with a sandwich in his hand, and had almost passed Josine on his way to his carriage when he saw her and stopped short.

"Josine!" he exclaimed. "Is that you?"

Josine—her nerves were getting unstrung—uttered a cry.

"Milord Clifforde!" she cried turning pale.

"Time's up, my lord!" said the guard, who knew Bertie well.

"All right," he said; "one moment."

Then he turned to Josine.

"Are you going up to town? You had better get in!"

"No, no! It is mademoiselle!" returned Josine, with agitation.

"Mademoiselle?" he repeated. "Who?" and he went to the window and there saw Floris.

With a sudden pallor he looked from her to Josine.

"It is Miss Carlisle!" he said. "And she is going up to London alone!"

"We really must be starting, my lord!" said the guard coming up again.

"Yes, yes!" said Josine, hurriedly. "Alone, milord!"

"Why?" he demanded, with a troubled frown.

Josine bit her lip.

"Go, milord!" she said. "The train will start without you."

He opened the door of Floris's carriage, nodded to the guard, and as the train started jumped in.

Josine stood looking after the train with a bewildered stare for quite a minute. Then a curious expression gradually crept into her blank eyes. An idea was developing itself in her acute brain.

Floris and Lord Clifforde, who had been her lover, leaving Ballyfloe together! Surely that fact would fit into the plot.

With a smile on her lips she nodded approvingly, then turned and slowly went back to the brougham.

But she paused there and returned to the station and accosted the sleepy porter.

"Did you see that gentleman who accompanied the young lady who departed just now, sir?" she asked with smooth politeness.

The man stared at her. Oh, yes, he had see him.

"Well, that was a great personage, sir. It was Milord Clifforde," said Josine, with an air of importance.

"Oh, was it?" said the man, grimly. "Well lord or no lord, he hadn't any business to keep the train waiting."

"Certainly not!" said Josine. "Good morning, sir."

Then she returned to the brougham.

"*Parbleu!*" she murmured. "It is likely that Milord Norman will not believe poor Josine. Sob! my friend the porter will bear witness that Miss Carlisle went off with Milord Clifforde! Bah! but Miladi Blanche is not so clever as I think her if she cannot make something of that!"

CHAPTER XV.

FLORIS looked up as Bertie entered the carriage.

"Lord Clifforde!" she said, faintly.

"Miss Carlisle!" he responded; and the two looked at each other in silence for a moment.

The shock of the meeting had considerably moved Bertie, and he scarcely knew what to say.

He had thought of her every day since the night he had told her of his love and received his dismissal; she was, in fact, scarcely ever out of his mind.

And now he had met her! and how strangely, how unexpectedly. Could it be possible that she should be traveling to town alone?

He glanced at her, as he made a great business of arranging his wraps, and saw, with trouble and anxiety, that her face was pale and wan, that she must be either ill or unhappy, and his tender, honest heart began aching.

"Are you going south—to London?" he asked, as carelessly as he could. "I am so surprised at seeing you that I can scarcely realise that it is indeed you!" he added, ingenuously.

"Yes, I am going to London," she answered, wearily.

"I—I hope on no sad errand!" he said, very gently. "You look ill and tired——"

"I am both ill and tired," she said, trying to smile, and so bringing the tears to her eyes. "I have had a telegram saying that mother is dying, Lord Clifforde."

He did not say that he was sorry; his face, his eyes, said that sufficiently plainly, but he looked at his watch.

"I am glad that this is the express," he said. "We shall be there early in the morning. I hope that you will find Mrs. Carlisle better than you expect."

Floris's lips moved in an inaudible "Thank you!" and she let her head sink back on the cushion.

Bertie got up and drew the window-curtain, dragged his own footwarmer forward for her, and carefully arranged his rugs over her.

"You must let me make you as comfortable as I can!" he said, apologetically. "It is not much one can do to get comfortable in a railway carriage, unfortunately."

"Thank you!" said poor Floris, faintly, finding her voice. "Are you going to London?" she asked.

"Yes, through London," he answered, his frank, blue eyes stealing an anxious glance at the pale face. "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I should happen to be traveling by this train! I did not know I was coming till the last moment!"

"No?" she said.

There was silence for a moment. The one question haunted and worried him; why was she traveling alone? Even at the cost of wearying, perhaps harassing her, he must know.

"You have been staying at Ballyfloe?" he asked gently.

"Yes," said Floris, her eyes fixed on the rug, her hands clasped tightly.

She knew what was passing in his mind and the question that was coming, and she dreaded it as the wounded man dreads the surgeon's probing knife.

"With the Lynches, of course?" said Bertie. "I remember reading your name amongst the list of visitors in the papers."

"Yes," she said.

"Is—is Bruce there still? But of course he is not, or you would not be alone. I read of your—your engagement, Miss Carlisle," he added hurriedly, and with a sudden flush on his handsome face that was rather paler than of old.

Floris winced.

"Lord Norman is still at Ballyfloe?" she replied in a low voice.

Bertie stared, crimsoned and turned pale.

Bruce at Ballyfloe, and permits her to take this long journey in the train alone.

"Is he?" he said. "Why didn't he—I beg your pardon. Please do not be angry or think me impertinent."

"No, no!" she broke in with a quivering lip. "Do not say any more. I am tired and—and ill, I think!" piteously.

"Oh, forgive me!" he said remorsefully, "but, indeed, it was not idle curiosity!"

"I know she murmured.

"I will not harass you," he said. "Will you try and get some sleep? Let me pull this rug more closely round you. Try and rest and get some sleep, if possible."

With reverential gentleness he rearranged the rug, and then taking up his paper, went to the further end of the car and made the pretence of being absorbed in yesterday's news.

But the closely-printed lines ran into one another before his eyes, and the lovely face, so pale and wan, came between him and the paper; and his anxiety grew and grew until he felt as if he must go across to her and take her hands in his, and exclaim, "For Heaven's sake, tell me what has happened, Floris!"

But he restrained himself, and bore the suspense as best he could. Perhaps, he hoped, she would tell him of her own accord before the journey's end.

Floris closed her eyes and turned her head away, and tried to sleep; if she did not succeed in sleeping, she fell into a state of semi-stupor in which her misery was numbed and less acute.

Meanwhile the train dashed on, and as evening came it stopped at one of the great stations.

Bertie got out quietly, and going to the refreshment bar, bought some brandy, and got a tumbler and a small bottle of water and some biscuits, and returned with his purchase to the car.

"Is this London?" asked Floris.

"No," he said mentioning the station. "We have many hours of traveling yet. Are you rested?"

"Yes, thanks," she replied.

"And warm?"

She glanced at the thick rug, and smiled wearily and gratefully.

"I hope you will be able to sleep right through," said Bertie. "But you must take a sleeping draught to enable you to do so."

He mixed a little brandy-and-water and offered it to her.

Floris took it at once, to mark her gratitude to him for his thoughtfulness, and even ate one of the biscuits, thought the effort cost her more than he guessed.

"That's better," he said, with a shadow of his old blithe smile that seemed so familiar to Floris, and recalled so much that her eyes filled and her heart ached at the sight of it.

"Now let me make you comfortable again," he said, "and then you must sleep through the night. I am going to get out at the next station for a cigar, but I will see that you have the car to yourself, and I will come back in the morning."

He pushed back one of the padded arms, and made a pillow of his portmanteau and his ulster, and then when the train stopped got out.

"Good-night," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "Mind you are to sleep!"

Floris put out her hand wearily, and he took it, and pressed it, laying it down again on the rug with a peculiar gentleness.

He gave the guard half-a-sovereign to lock the door, then took himself off with a cigar and his troubled, perplexed, and anxious heart, into a smoking compartment, to get through the tedious hours of night.

Floris lay and cried, for the first time. There is nothing in the wide world that goes quicker to a wounded heart than the voice and the touch of a friend, and such a true friend as she knew Bertie to be.

The brandy acted as a sedative—as Bertie had guessed it would—and after a while she fell asleep.

It was a troubled sleep, in which she dreamed that she and Bruce stood on opposite sides of a river, looking at each other with yearning eyes and with hands stretched out, and the river rose and rose, widening the distance between them until an angry ocean roared in its place, and gradually—but surely—engulphed them both.

She was awakened by the unlocking of the door to admit Bertie.

"Ah!" he said, remorsefully; "you were asleep! I have woke you! I will go out again!"

But Floris shook her head.

"I shall not sleep again," she said. "Are we near London yet?"

"Not very far from it!" he answered. "Near enough to get some breakfast!" and he took a cup of coffee from a lad.

"Forgive me," he said, as he gave it to her; "but have you sent word you are coming?"

Floris shook her head.

"All right!" he said, taking out a telegram form; "I have filled it in; just a line to say that you are on the way. I thought you might not have had time. Give me the address!"

"Westbury," said Floris, falteringly.

He wrote the address with a pencil, and gave the form to the boy who was waiting, as simply and naturally as he had performed all the other little acts of kindness for her.

Floris's eyes filled.

"You are very good to me, Lord Clifforde!" she said, brokenly.

Bertie smiled.

"That is nonsense!" he said. "You will make me feel ashamed. Westbury! It is not far from London. Will you be able to go straight through, do you think?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she replied. "I am hoping—praying—that I may not lose a minute!" and she began trembling.

"Don't be anxious!" he said, taking out his Bradshaw. "Yes, you will not lose many minutes. I will see that you catch a train at the other terminus. But you must drink that coffee, please!"

She obeyed, almost humbly. He waited until she had finished it, then took the cup from her and went into his corner again, and took up his paper.

There was silence for some minutes, then Floris spoke. She felt as if she must speak to him; in common gratitude for all his care and thoughtfulness she must strive and forget her selfish sorrow.

"Have you been in Scotland?" she then asked.

He put down the paper instantly, and went and sat opposite her, so that she might not have to raise her voice.

"Yes; at my cousin's, the duke's."

"Shooting?" faintly.

He nodded.

"Yes."

He might have added—

"Trying to kill deer and my own sorrow at the loss of you!" and she knew that he might so have replied as well as if he had said it in so many words.

"And how is Lady Pendleton?" he then asked.

Floris said that she was well, quite well. Then a pause ensued. They could neither of them talk commonplace; see with her misery weighing her down, he harassed by anxiety on her account.

As if by mutual consent they leant back, and Floris closed her eyes.

The train sped on, the green fields gave place to rows of houses and workshops, and presently the engine snorted and steamed into the great terminus.

"Wait here; do not move," he said. "I will come for you when I am ready—" and he got out and went for her luggage.

"I have got a cab," he said, when he returned. "There is just time to catch the other train."

He drew her arm within his and placed her in the cab, and then followed.

"Oh, do not come!" she said. "I have given you trouble and anxiety enough; please do not come any further!"

"I am coming to the station, if you will let me," he answered, simply, and he added, but too low for her to hear, "Would to Heaven that I could go all the way with you!"

"Will you write to me and let me know how you get on?" he asked, when the cab had got on the asphalte. "I will give you the address."

"Yes," said Floris meekly.

They neared the other station; the time

was approaching when he must leave her. His heart began to beat with a wistful yearning to learn the truth; and suddenly, so suddenly that Floria started, he leant forward.

"Floria—Miss Carlisle—I shall leave you in a few minutes, Heaven knows how sorrowfully and anxiously. Will you let that anxiety plead for me, if I ask you to tell me why you have left Bruce at Ballyfloe?—why he has let you take this journey alone?"

"I—I cannot tell you!" she answered, brokenly.

His face went pale.

"Then something has happened! For Heaven's sake, tell me, Floria. I cannot leave you without seeing whether I cannot help you. Have pity on me, and tell me."

"You cannot help me—no one can help me!" she murmured, her hands clasped tightly together, her face was wan and white.

"You do not know; at any rate, tell me. You can confide in me as if—as if I were your brother. I would to Heaven that I were!"

Floria shook her head.

"Why has Bruce not come with you?" he asked, his blue eyes fixed on hers appealingly.

She shuddered.

"Do not speak of him. Let—let me forget him!"

"Forget him!—forget Bruce! Why, it was only the other day that you were engaged to him," he said, trembling with excitement. "Are you not—is the engagement broken off? For Heaven's sake, tell me, Floria."

She raised her eyes to his solemnly.

"Yes; it is broken off."

He drew a long breath, his eyes still fixed on her.

"And it is this, then, added to the bad news from home, that makes you look like this! I—I guessed it! But why?—what has happened? Oh, Floria! it makes my heart ache to see you looking so wretched and miserable! Floria, you know that I would gladly give up my life, if it would purchase an hour's happiness for you."

She put out her hand, pleading to him for silence; but he would not, could not, stop.

"You know it! Floria, let me help you. Tell me what has happened. Have you quarreled?"

She shook her head.

"No! Then—then it is Bruce's fault! In any case it must be his! But he will be sorry! It is not too late to bring things round again. Floria, let me be as your brother should. Let me have the satisfaction of healing this breach between you. May I?"

"No!" she said, huskily. "No one can do that—not even you!"

"Let me write to him!" he pleaded. "We are old friends. He would take more from me than from anyone else. Floria, if I know him, he is at this moment suffering as deeply as you are. But it is not of him I am thinking, but of you—of you! Let me write! A word now will do so much good!"

The tears ran down her face as she shook her head.

"No word that can be written can do any good," she murmured, and there was something in the tone of her voice which carried conviction to Bertie's soul.

"Then—then he has done you some great wrong!" he said, and his face crimsoned angrily. "It is not so?"

"He has done me a wrong beyond reparation," she said simply.

He threw his ulster apart as if he were stifling.

"Great Heaven! Has—has he been false to you? No, that is not possible!"

She turned her face away.

"He has! Bruce! Oh, Floria, there must be some awful mistake. See now, I have known Bruce all my whole life; I would answer for his honor with my own——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" she moaned. "It is all of no use! I, too, would have answered for his honor with my life, and you see that we are parted—and—and—so soon!" and her lips quivered. "Do not say any more to me. Nothing, nothing can bridge over the gulf between me and Lord Norman. I have seen him for the last time. If we had quarreled, do you think I would not have been the first to own myself wrong? I would have gone on my knees to him! Quarreled! Any quarrel may be healed, but this that has come between us is a barrier which no words, no time even, can cast down! If you have any pity for me——"

"Floria!"

"Do not say another word. Promise me that you will not write to him! Write! It would be a humiliation too terrible to be thought of? Oh, Lord Cliffordo, do not think me ungrateful? I always thought of you as a friend! I have not forgotten—" her tears came thick and fast now—"your promise to be a friend if I should ever need one, and I am grateful!—grateful! But no friend, not even a brother, could do or say aught that would help me now!"

Bertie wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, too agitated to speak.

"What is to be done?" he slowly muttered.

"Nothing!" said Floria. "Lord Cliffordo we have all our own troubles to bear; I must bear mine as best I can. But I shall never forget your kindness, never! Heaven knows how gratefully I shall remember it!" and she held out her white trembling hand.

He took it and pressed it almost fiercely.

"If I had but known! If I could but have foreseen!" he murmured, very despairingly.

She shook her head.

"You could not have helped me!"

"No, no!" he said. "But," he took out his watch as the cab drew up at the station, "but one thing I could have done; I could have kept out of the fool's errand I am bound on!"

She looked at him questioningly. His lips were set tightly, his brows drawn as if with pain.

"Floria, Miss Carlisle, just now I said how sorry I was I could not go further with you than this station. That was before I knew this, before I knew how badly you wanted a friend. Judge how deeply, how madly I must regret it now! Floria, the reason I cannot go with you, see you safely at home and remain near you to help you, if possible, is that I am leaving England at once."

"Leaving England?" she said, in a very dull way.

"Yes," he answered, gnawing at his moustache, his face white and drawn. "Yes; I am ordered on active service. I am now on my way to join my regiment at the docks. I shall just have time to do so, and no more!"

"Your regiment?"

"Floria," he went on, his eyes fixed on her wistfully, "I tried hard to forget you—ah, do not shrink. Do you think I would speak of my love now, now that you are in this trouble? No! I tried to get over my sorrow, tried honestly, but I could not. A stronger man might have done so, but I am not strong, or my love for you was stronger than myself? Let it be as it may, I have failed. When I read in the papers that Bruce had won what I had lost, England became hateful to me. I could not bear to face the probability of meeting you and him while my love for you lived in my heart so strongly. This war broke out, they wanted volunteers. I was an officer in the militia, and eligible, and I offered myself for active service. They accepted me only yesterday, and ordered me out."

His hand sought hers, and grasped it tightly, and Floria could not find it in her heart to draw it away.

"A few hours ago I might have backed out, or got an exchange; but there is not time now! There is hardly time to present myself. I must go! I must go and leave you, Floria, to meet this trouble alone. Oh, Heaven, what fools men are! If I had but waited——Oh, don't misunderstand me!" for Floria had shrunk back. "It is not that I have any wild hope of winning you, though Heaven only knows what such love as mine could compass! In time you might have had pity on me, if all is really over between Bruce and you. But it was not that hope of which I was thinking. I regard myself as your brother, Floria; dear Floria! and I must leave you!"—his voice faltered—"I may never see you again! It is hard to leave you in such trouble, and alone, but I must do so!"

"Do not think of me!" murmured little Floria.

He stared at his watch, and thrust it back in his pocket, with a groan.

"Yes; we must part! Just when I might have been of some use to you! Fool! fool!" and he clasped her hand with a despairing gesture.

"Oh, hush, hush!" murmured Floria. "You could not have helped me! Do not think of me! But this war——"

He laughed bitterly.

"Who cares about the war?" he retorted. "It was an excuse to get away; to do something, so that in the doing of it I might forget you; and now I shall carry this remembrance of you with me. Alone! Alone, with no one by your side; while I might have been near you to help and comfort you. Yes, I have been a fool, and I am rightly punished!"

It was Floria's turn to console. Gently, timidly, she put out her hand and took his.

"And do you think you have not comforted me?" she murmured, her sad voice grown soft and tender. "Dear friend, the memory of your kindness and tender-heartedness will remain with me though you have gone. Do not forget me, Lord Cliffordo; remember that that you have a sister here in England who will pray for your safety and happiness, and who, happen what will, will never forget how true a friend you have been to her!"

No man will have cause to blush for Bertie when we say that the tears swarm thickly in his eyes.

"Heaven bless you, Floria!" he whispered. "Would to Heaven that I had had Bruce's luck! I would not have squandered it and trampled it under foot as he has done!"

There was no time for more; there was, indeed, scarcely time to get her ticket. But he did get it, and put her in the train, and stood at the car door, holding her hand in his to the last moment.

"Good-bye, Floria! You take my heart with you, sister!"

Then she was borne out of his sight. And so Floria lost both her lovers in one day.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the "good old times," which, thank Heaven, by the way, we shall never see again, favored mortals were supposed to have been guided by spirits, which, when the favored mortals were thinking of setting out on adventures, whispered, "Go thou!" or "Do not go!"

If Lord Norman had been in possession of such a guiding spirit it would certainly have whispered in his ear, on the morning of the Scarfross expedition, "Do not go!"

As it was, though he had no presentiments of coming evil and the plot which had been laid for the destruction of his happiness, he was not very keen on the outing.

Deer-stalking had been a passion to him, and there was no one whose knowledge of the sport was greater than his, no one whose eyes were keener, or whose physical endurance was greater.

But on this occasion he would rather have remained at Ballyfloe, and spent the two days with Floria.

To back out of the affair was for him, however, an impossibility.

Sir Joseph had organized the expedition for weeks past; and then again, there was the personage who particularly desired Lord Norman's company.

The party started in the early morning, on horseback, attended by a few favored Highland servants, who were experts in stalking and everybody who knew anything of the sport declared that the prospects were first-rate, and that the sturdy Scotch ponies would soon return laden with the royal game.

Their road lay over vast mountains, and through wild valleys or gorges, grand and solitary in the highest degree, and at nightfall they found themselves in the very wildest part of the country, at Scarfross itself.

For shelter there was a rude, hut-like building, barely supplied with the necessaries, and very few of the comforts of existence, but the wild, barn-like place was as welcome to the tired party as if it had been a palace in South Kensington, and in the best of spirits they sat down to a plain dinner, served in a room none too big to hold them.

Lord Norman, who had been rather silent during the long ride, grew more cheerful after dinner, and when the cigars were alight vouchsafed to relate some of his experiences in deer-stalking, and to be generally amusing.

They gathered round the fire chatting until eleven, then by mutual consent went off to bed.

As the accommodation was strictly limited, two men had to sleep in a room, and Lord Norman found that his companion chanced to be a young fellow fresh from college, who was an intense admirer of his, and who, in fact, had begged and prayed Sir Joseph to arrange that he should share Lord Norman's room.

The boy, he was very little more, had stolen up a short time before the general withdrawal, and had seen that a good fire was burning, and had, with his own hands, made the rough apartment as shipshape as it could be made by the arrangement of rugs and shawls, choosing for himself the smallest bed, and in every way he could think of studying his hero's comfort; feeling that if he could gain Lord Norman's permission to be near him on the eventful morrow he should be amply rewarded.

"Well, Harry," said Lord Bruce, looking round, "you haven't forgotten your old fagging days! You have made the room quite home-like! What a splendid fire! The worst of it is one is always tempted to sit up and keep it company. Do you mind if I have a cigar? Say so if you do!"

"Mind!" said Lord Harry, fervently. "I'll have one too if I shan't be disturbing you by sitting up."

Lord Norman laughed. The boy's devotion pleased him.

"Here, take one of these!" he said, giving him his case. "We mustn't sit up long though. We start almost at daybreak, and it will be hard work and no rest to-morrow Harry."

"I shan't sleep for thinking of it!" said Lord Harry—he had come into his title a few months back. "Oh, by-the-way, Norman, would you mind my going with you instead of one of the others? I know it is a great favor I am asking, and I shan't be too much cut up if you refuse," he went on eagerly; "but if you say 'yes,' I'll promise to do exactly as you tell me, and not make a nuisance of myself."

Lord Norman nodded.

"I shall be very glad to have you, Harry," he said, little guessing what would come of the boy's request. "And I'm sure you will be anything but a nuisance."

Lord Harry expressed his gratitude quietly; he knew his hero disliked any fuss, and the two drew near the fire and smoked and talked; that is, Lord Norman talked and the boy listened with reverent ears and closely-rivetted attention.

Lord Norman told him exactly what he would have to do on the morrow, impressing upon him how necessary it would be to maintain perfect silence, and to guard against his being seen by the deer.

"Deer-crawling it might be called, instead of deer-stalking," he said, "for we shall literally have to crawl and drag ourselves over the ground once the game is spotted."

"I shall watch you, Norman, and do exactly as I see you do," said Lord Harry, earnestly.

"And luck standing by us, we will give a good account of ourselves! And now we had better turn in, I think."

Lord Harry got up at once with the obedience of a private to his officer, and went to bed, but Lord Norman sat and watched the fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE womanly woman is not ambitious of personal display outside the perfect conduct of her house and her own legitimate beauty; she is fond of her home and of her domestic duties, she respects her husband, and she takes care of her children, whom she looks after, guides, influences, and educates into noble men and women. She is not of the silly sisterhood who think housekeeping a degradation, and who would rather do the third-rate work of men than the best of that which nature and society have apportioned to themselves.

Bric-a-Brac.

LUCK.—Once a shepherd, caught out upon the hills by night, built a fire under the lee of a pile of stones that he had tossed together. The heat split some of the stones, and in the morning the man saw within one of the cracks a piece of shining silver ore. That happened in Peru, and thus were discovered the mines of the Cerro de Pasco, which have yielded $400,000,000.

RAZORS.—Homer, who is supposed to have written nearly 3,000 years ago, alludes to the use of the razor. This instrument has generally been made of metal, but Cortez found the Mexicans using razors of obsidian, and the Tahitians use pieces of shell and sharks' teeth ground to a fine edge. In China and Japan, razors, like English ones, but without handles, are used.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE KORAN.—According to the custom of the Turks, the Koran must not be printed, but always be preserved in manuscript. This circumstance puts it out of the power of the poor classes to possess a copy of the sacred book, and recourse has been had to photography. As the heliographic process had no existence when Mohammed promulgated his prohibition, there can be no impropriety in employing it for the dissemination of his teachings, particularly as in Turkey this process is not classed with printing, but is described as due to the direct action of the sun. It is thus that photography comes to the rescue of a religion professed by a great number of races.

SNOW IN JULY.—It is said, on a certain occasion, when the editor of Moore's Almanac, once a famous English publication, was busily engaged making some calculations, one of the compositors came hastily in and stated that there was a blank opposite a certain part of July where the weather was usually foretold, and asked what he should put in. The editor, annoyed at the interruption, said, "Oh! don't bother me now. Put in anything—thunder, hail, and snow! if you like." The compositor took him at his word; and it so happened that it did thunder, hail, and snow at this very time; and to this cause was put down the great popularity of the almanac, for such a lucky prophecy (?) could not fail to raise the author of it in the estimation of the public in general.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—The late Professor Duncan of Scotland was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire, and ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" the subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?" The professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. Duncan?"—"Oh! yes," said the professor.—"Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind."—"And so have I," drily responded the professor.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder, and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed: this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked that, at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

HUMILITY.—Humility has this consolation: It finds that the greatest minds have had the least conceit; that Shakspeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual question concerning the cause of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child who, playing on the sea-shore, had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and knew no more of them. The bullet of steel is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard of an ostrich. The most conceited young prig who ever lived will find his level when brought to the rude experience of the whole world.

THE LEATHER MEDAL.—We often hear of the leather medal, and in some instances our military marksmen have won, and occasionally wear, the leather medal as a sort of absurd regalia, marking a very low rate of marksmanship. Some time during the fourteenth century the French King, John, for the ransom of his royal person, promised to pay Edward III. of England 3,000,000 of gold crowns. In order to fulfil this obligation, he was reduced to the mortifying necessity of paying the expences of the palace in leather money, the centre of each piece being a little point of silver. In his reign is found the origin of the burlesque honor of boyhood, called "conferring a leather medal." The imposing ceremonies accompanying the presentation gave full force, dignity, and value to the leather jewel, which even noblemen were proud to receive at the hands of majesty.

OVER THE WHEAT.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

Over the wheat the oriole flew,
A flash of flame; and he shook the dew
From his wings and sang, in the morn so sweet,
Over the wheat, over the wheat.

Over the wheat the warm wind blew,
And flocks of swallows of dusty hue
Came to the twilight, wheeling fleet
Over the wheat, over the wheat.

Over the wheat the darkness flowed,
And the twinkling lamp of the fire-fly glowed
All night long, in the hovering heat,
Over the wheat, over the wheat.

Over the wheat the soft rain fell,
The dust and the heat and the drought to quell;
Cool its murmurous pulses beat
Over the wheat, over the wheat.

Over the wheat the long hours passed
Till ripe for the harvest it stood at last;
So slow, so sure, so strange, so sweet,
Groweth in silence the golden wheat.

Over the wheat the silent sky
Opened out to the stars so high;
Under the wheat the silent ground
Deepened down to the dark profound.

And the birds that over the wheat fields flew
Could tell of its secret as much as you;
For never a wise man lived who knew
How out of the dark and the light it grew

A Cruel Vengeance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

AND this is his work, his vengeance—the coward, the——"

"Whose work?"—the frozen calm was broken through at last.

Anita sprang to her feet, and something of realizing horror, a comprehension that had not been in them yet, seemed to leap suddenly into her bright shining eyes; her rigid lips unclosed, her breath came thick and fast.

"Whose work—oh, George, whose work is it?"

Sir George's gray face and tear-reddened eyes were slowly raised.

"Who but the one man had cause to hate our darling—my nephew Frank de Walden?"

"No, no!"

Anita's hands were raised and passionately clasped above her head; her voice rose in a shrill scream that echoed through all the house of mourning like the cry of a lost spirit, and brought the servants pouring in pell-mell.

"Not he—not Frank! Oh, Heaven, no! He would not harm my darling! No; it was——"

She broke down there, with a strange, gurgling cry, flung out both arms, and fell forward upon her face.

When they raised her, face, dress, and hands were deluged with blood.

She had broken a large vessel in the lungs, and even the most inexperienced person there knew that her life was draining away.

And in truth she never recovered consciousness, never spoke again.

The agony of a long lifetime had been condensed into those few hours, and mind and body had alike broken down under the unnatural strain.

She lay for some hours, looking like some lovely monumental figure in her perfect pallor and perfect calm, slowly breathing her life away; and, before the evening shadows fell, Sir George was doubly bereaved.

The mother and child, so cruelly parted here, had met again on the immortal shore.

The two young men had gone straight from Mr. Verner's house to the railway-station; but only one of them had been suffered to reach De Walden Court, for Frank was arrested as he entered the train, and the man who had him in charge was naturally anxious to place a prisoner so important in immediate safe-keeping.

Lord Croxford grew very pale, and manifested an unexpectedly pugnacious disposition when he saw the significant gleam of steel in the detective's hand; but Frank restrained him with an imploring glance, and he could only gnaw his blonde moustache, and feel savagely miserable and very helpless.

"It must have come sooner or later," Frank said, as they parted.

He was wonderfully calm and self-possessed, though his eyes gleamed with a feverish brightness, and his handsome face was very pale.

"But I wish—I wish I had seen Sir George. You will go to him, Croxford, and say how I grieve for my little cousin, for him, for——"

He paused suddenly, with a blank face; then added slowly—"But how if he thinks me guilty?"

"Then he is a fool for his pains," Lord Croxford broke in, with all the roughness of genuine feeling. "You guilty, Frank! I would as soon believe in my own real guilt."

Frank answered only by a grateful look; and the other went on hastily—

"Of course, I will act as your deputy, and bring my report to-morrow. Keep up your spirits, old fellow. These mad mistakes can never last long, you know; and—and Heaven bless you, good-bye!"

And with a warm hand-clasp, the good-hearted young Viscount hurried away, horribly ashamed of the tears that dimmed his glasses and were an honor to his manhood, if he had but the sense to see it.

It was late when he arrived at De Walden Court; but only the faintest glimmer of light broke through the massive ivy-grown long frontage of the wonderful house.

The vast entrance-hall was all in shadow, and the kindly messenger, already sufficiently depressed, felt his heart sink lower and lower as he stood in that gloomy antechamber, awaiting Sir George's permission to come in.

It was hard to get and long in coming, and only obtained at last by a desperate use of Frank de Walden's name.

Lord Croxford winced to see how even the man who took his message and ushered him finally into Sir George's presence stared and colored very angrily at the sound.

The great library, in which the stricken man sat, was as dark as all the rest of the house.

Croxford could not see the bent shaking figure that raised itself from the great arm-chair at his entrance, nor the fierce swollen eyes that turned angrily to his until his attention was drawn in that direction by the sound of a very harsh and querulous voice.

"Well, sir, you have thrust yourself upon my misery. What excuse have you to make?"

Lord Croxford was certainly not accustomed to such an uncermonious style of address; but he did not resent it any now.

He was not thinking of himself or his own dignity; his heart ached for this broken, desolate old man almost as much as for his injured friend.

"Forgive me, Sir George"—he spoke, after a little hesitating pause, with infinite gentleness and unfeigned sympathy. "Heaven knows I would not intrude upon your grief; but I come to tell you that Frank ——"

"That they have taken him, that he is caught?" Sir George broke in, his voice trembling, his eyes ablaze with savage exultation. "Tell me that, and I will thank and bless you, sir, as you were never thanked and blessed before."

Lord Croxford was silent. Not all his pity for the misery-maddened man before him could keep the angry blood from his face, the angry sparkle from his eyes as he listened to that cruelly unjust speech; but, by a mighty effort, he did keep back all angry words; and his silence wrought the other to frenzy.

"Is that your news? Is Frank de Walden in safe custody?" he broke out violently, striking his hand with cruel force upon the massive table; and his blood-shot eyes shone with a cruel fire.

"Yes, that last injustice has been done the man you wrong so foully!" Lord Croxford answered, with a sort of bitter calm. "Frank has been arrested for a crime which it is simply monstrous to associate with his name. He is absolutely incapable of cruelty to any one, and he loved your child."

Sir George gave a cry that was like the roar of some wild beast in fiercest pain.

"Loved," he echoed savagely, "the child who robbed him of his heritage, who stood between him and his promised wife! No; we were mad to trust the innocent creature in his power! We might have known what his resignation meant."

"You might have known your nephew," Lord Croxford said, with a restrained passion that was full of dignity. "I have known him as a man and boy; and I know as surely as I know that the sun shines in the heaven, and you and I both live and breathe, that, whatever the evidence against him, Frank is innocent."

Even Sir George seemed momentarily impressed by the passionate conviction of the young man's speech.

He stared stupidly into the shadows, then broke in with a very harsh and discordant laugh.

"Whatever the evidence!" he cried, with a terrible mockery. "Your faith must be strong indeed if it survive that test! Do you know, sir, that your friend took the child out for a walk, a walk from which neither of them returned, for he went straight to London, and the boy—oh, Heaven my little helpless Georgie!—was only brought home dead!"

His head sank forward upon his folded arms; even the anger died out of his voice, which became a mere wail of intense agony.

For the second time that day Lord Croxford felt the tears rush blindingly to his eyes.

He drew a little nearer to the stricken man, his kind heart aching with the burden of a painful pity. He felt powerless to help or heal in the presence of this tragic woe.

His faith in Frank was utterly unshaken; but the plain fierce words had shown him more clearly than ever the deadly peril in which his friend stood.

"Forgive me, Sir George," he said, almost tenderly—and his voice, gentle as it was, was broken, and thrilled with the nervous agitation that possessed him—"for worlds I would not say one word to irritate or anger you; but for truth's sake, I must answer you still. I do not know, I cannot guess, how the terrible chain that links Frank's name with this most hideous crime got itself forged; but I know that it is a chain of falsehood, that it can and shall be broken."

"Break it then!" the old man answered savagely. "You are a good friend and a strong advocate, sir; but I think you and your client will both find that chain is strong enough to hang him!"

Implacable hate gleamed in the red swollen eyes, and sounded in the roughened voice.

Lord Croxford felt that it was useless, for the present at least, to contend with one who was deaf alike to reason and appeal, though he felt, with an added pang, how terribly this man's full conviction of his nephew's guilt would influence the public mind.

He sighed involuntarily as he decided this; and the sound attracted Sir George's attention.

He eyed the young man keenly, and, for the first time, made some faint attempt to speak with reasonable courtesy.

"I do not blame you, sir. Thinking as you do, you are right to stand by your friend in such a time as this. But when you know, as I know now, his shameful guilt——"

"Say rather when you know how great a wrong you have done him, you will be glad that he had a friend," Lord Croxford said hurriedly. "That day will come, Sir George; but we shall never see the one of which you speak. Till then, I say good-bye."

He moved towards the door, then came back again, and spoke with a resolute effort.

"One question more. I must tell and all that has passed between us to poor Frank, and, Heaven knows, it will be a bitter task! I would gladly find one gleam of hope to give him. Does the poor mother, does Lady de Walden share your conviction of his guilt?"

Sir George stirred, as though he hardly understood him at first; then the blood rushed hotly over the gray face, and the eyes emitted one vivid flash as he cried, with a cruel laugh—

"Yes, you can take some comfort to your friend—can tell him his cruel vengeance is complete now—Lady de Walden is dead!"

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK!"

"My darling!"

It was a very worn and haggard face that bowed itself over Essie Verner's dark head.

Confinement and watching and anxiety had stolen the bronze from the clear skin and traced some sharp lines the smooth brow—nay, even drawn some gleaming silver threads through the close crispness of the brown-gold curls; but the eyes were still clear and steadfast, and the lips kept their brave sweet smile.

That smile, though she met it morning after morning when she and her sister paid their daily visit to the prisoner, fully committed for trial as Frank was now, was always a little more than May's nerves could stand; it always sent her to the grim uncurtained window that looked out upon the square paved prison-yard—there to rage fiercely and impotently against the cruel folly of a world that could mistake Frank de Walden for a murderer.

"And yet they will convict him!" the girl would cry from time to time, as the black and bitter waters of an utter despair surged over her struggling soul. "There are only those who know and love to trust him still, and it rests with the others to condemn."

It was strange to see the transformation wrought in the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial.

It was bright brave May, hitherto the guide and leader in all things, who broke down utterly now, who lost faith in the justice of man and the mercy of Heaven who was hysterical and miserably weak in presence of her morbid fears—gentle, timid Essie who took up the burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely and patiently, who cheered her lover, father, and sister in the moments of darkest despondency, and tried to chase their growing terrors with the light of her own serene faith.

"Frank is innocent!" she would say, her blue eyes lighting with the fire that gave the worn young face a strangely spiritual look. "We know that; and we know that truth and justice must prevail at last."

Whereat Mr. Verner would eye his favorite child with sorrowful amazement, and groan out aloud in bitterness of heart.

He no longer controverted the innocence, though his reason told him that the evidence brought forward in the case was overwhelmingly strong; some instinct stronger than reason waged war with it and bore it down.

He could not think Frank de Walden a murderer—the cruel destroyer of an innocent helpless child.

But, though he believed him guiltless, he believed also that he must die.

There seemed no feeble link in that terrible circumstantial chain that wound itself about him, dragging him nearer and ever nearer to the scaffold.

His death might be a judicial murder, but such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's memory, and might be again.

The doubts and terrors, the ague-fits of horror and remorse that broke down the stern strong man, making him prematurely old and feeble, seized from time to time on Croxford and May, paralyzing the efforts of the true friend and loving sister, and making them almost shun the man they were powerless to save; but they never touched Essie; her clear uplifted eyes seemed to pierce the dark clouds about them and rest with tranquil assurance on the light beyond.

The last of the magisterial examinations was over now, and, so far as it lay in the power of the inferior tribunal to pass judgment, Frank was found guilty.

It had been impossible indeed to come to any other decision in the circumstance, for the evidence was overwhelmingly strong.

The nurse, finding it impossible to retract the story first told, swore with every appearance of sincerity—and she honestly believed that in the spirit, if not the letter, she spoke the absolute truth—that she had relinquished her charge into Mr. De Walden's hands, that they two had gone out together, that Mr. De Walden had never returned, while the child was found murdered in the shrubbery, strangled by the sash she had tied round his waist.

The woman broke down in a tempest of hysterical tears as she spoke the last words, and a thrill of indignant sympathy ran through the crowded court.

But the sensation she produced was as nothing compared with that which thrilled all hearts when Sir George de Walden stepped heavily into the witness-box, and, clutching at the chair-back, as though to steady himself, began in hoarse vibrating tones to tell his tale.

He dwelt on every circumstance that could connect his nephew with the crime with a sort of malignant intensity.

By sheer force of will he seemed to bear in upon his hearers his own conviction of that nephew's guilt.

Men and women who had doubted before felt their doubts borne away upon the strong current of that deliberate and yet passionate speech; eyes that had rested almost compassionately on the worn, proud, young face turned from it with loathing then.

Even the good looks, the air of trained and graceful strength that would have told in the prisoner's favor in any other circumstances, seemed an argument against him with the women-listeners now, for all remembered that that young strength had been pitted against the weakness of a child.

But of all the fierce feeling wakening against him Frank knew nothing; he hardly listened to the words, his eyes rested with such pitying earnestness on the old man's altered face.

Sir George de Walden, when he saw him last, had borne his sixty odd years with so gallant a grace that few strangers would have thought them more than fifty.

Now the upright figure was bowed, the gray head white as snow; the eyes, red-rimmed and sunken far back in their sockets, seemed the only signs of life in a dead face, and they betokened only pain and hate.

While giving his evidence Sir George stared straight before him, as though measuring the weight of every word he spoke upon the magisterial mind; but, just as he left the box, he glanced over in his nephew's direction, met fully the passionately pleading glance of the pitiful gray eyes, and drew back as though the other had offered to touch him.

"I call on you all to witness," he cried, with a fiery outburst as unexpected as it was irrepressible, "that but one man had an interest in my child's death, and I say that man killed him!"

Of course the tumult caused by these words was immediately repressed, and the witness reminded that he must offer evidence only; but the witness was gone, and there remained only the impression left by his words.

People whispered to each other that the prisoner grew deathly white, and that, for the first time that day, the muscles about his mouth twitched with a sort of nervous distress; but he lifted his head almost immediately and glanced round the court, not defiantly, but with quiet steadfast pride.

Since then he had seen nothing of his uncle, though he had heard indirectly that he still pursued him with an unrelenting hate, still believed firmly in his guilt; but it was a subject that he could discuss only with his solicitor, for Lord Croxford, on whom that one interview had made a cruelly strong impression, evidently shirked it, and when Essie and May were with him other matters filled his thoughts.

He welcomed the girls with eager gladness now; the time in which they would be free to visit him was growing pitifully short.

His trial was fixed for the tenth of October—ten days from the present time, and after that——He never dared carry his thoughts much beyond that time; he should either be free, saved by a miracle from the net that had enmeshed him, or——

He lifted the pale brave little face between his hands and gazed upon it with a fondly critical gaze, noting the violet tinge beneath the steadfast eyes, the fine lines about the sweet sensitive mouth.

"Still brave and hopeful, Essie?" he asked, in a half whisper; and Essie answered aloud—

"Not only hopeful, but sure. No, do not shake your head, dear; I have not one doubt. Heaven knows your innocence, and Heaven will prove it in time."

There was all the calmness of assured conviction in her sweet unfaltering tones. She spoke as a person speaks from knowledge, not from faith.

In spite of himself and his reason, Frank felt a faint thrill of hope, and May turned round from the large window with a little sob.

"She always talks like that. She never seems to waver. The child is either inspired or mad! But I am neither. And, oh, Frank, my dear, dear boy, do not trust in your innocence, or in any miracle; but try to think of some one who would, or could, be demon enough to kill that poor little child!"

Frank laid his hand on the girl's graceful shoulder with a touch that was in itself a caress.

"Poor May!" he said gently. "You must not cry your pretty eyes out, or break your kind heart for me; that would be treating Croxford badly. By-the-way, where is that loyal friend to-day?"

"He was to have met us here," May answered, drying the eyes he apostrophised with vengeful little dabs, and speaking with all the petulance of pain. "But he is long past his time; perhaps he too has turned traitor and deserted us; nothing would surprise me now."

"I think that would," Frank said, with his gentle tired smile. "Hark, May! There is a commentary on your injustice; I hear his step and voice in the corridor."

Almost before the words had passed his lips, Lord Croxford was in the room, and at the first sight of his face May jumped up with a shrill little scream, and Essie clasped her hands on Frank de Walden's arm, as though supporting him against some sudden shock.

For the young Viscount was literly radiant, his fair skin was flushed, his gold eye-glasses shone like lamps, his lips quivered with the vain effort to suppress a happy smile.

"Oh, Croxford, you have news—good news," May cried, with passionate eagerness. "Tell it quickly. We can bear any shock of joy."

"Yes, good news, and a visitor," Croxford answered, clasping his sweetheart's hand, but looking at the prisoner's pale proud face. "Frank, dear old fellow, prepare yourself to see Sir George de Walden."

The name seemed to strike Frank like a blow; the blood rushed hotly to his face, then ran back, leaving it very pale, as his uncle's face, filled with malignant hatred, rose before him, his uncle's harsh denunciatory tones rang once more in his ears.

"He could come on but one errand," Essie cried, her blue eyes radiant with that unshaken light of faith, but with something of the old sweet serenity vanished from her face. "Oh, Frank, you will see him, dear!"

But Lord Croxford had not waited for the answer; he had gone back to the door, and now returned, leading in Sir George de Walden.

For one moment the young man stood proudly irresolute, for one moment the old man stood, with bent head and cruelly working face, before the nephew he had wronged and hated.

It seemed as though neither knew how to break the eloquent silence. At last, touched with an intense an aching pity for the crushed and broken man, Frank spoke.

"What am I to say? Heaven knows how I pity you and grieve for your grief; but you—you think me the cause!"

"No, no!"

The grave gentle tones seemed to break the spell that lay upon the old man's lips. He caught Frank's hand and clasped it between his own trembling palms, and poured forth his words now with a fevered volubility.

"No, I was mad to doubt you, Frank; and now at last I know——"

"Know he is innocent!" Essie cried, raising her small head proudly. "We knew it always, sir."

"And I only to-day."

Sir George paused and passed his handkerchief across the wrinkled forehead on which the great drops were gathering thick and fast, then turned to his nephew with a painfully forced smile.

"Frank, if the tardy penitence I offer is worthless beside the faith of these true friends, I bring something that will make amends, something that will give you life and freedom and take the last stigma from your name."

"And that is——"

May broke in breathlessly, for Frank was past all speech.

"The murderer's confession, sent to me by the priest and magistrate to whom he dictated it on his death-bed. He was—he was"—Sir George paused again, seeming to gather all his strength to utter the words that tried him so sorely—"the man we all thought dead, my wife's discarded lover—Giuseppe Lani!"

CHAPTER X.

"WELL," said Lord Croxford, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and beaming on his friend complacently, "now that all is well with you again, I do not mind confessing that I was horribly afraid; things looked awfully black for you this time last week, Frank."

Frank nodded.

"But you never lost faith in me," he said gratefully.

"In you? Well, no; I was not quite such a dunce; but my faith in your lucky star was getting decidedly shaky. Certainly I never dreamed that your uncle would be the man to come forward and prove your innocence."

"My poor uncle! I really do not understand how the whole thing came about now. Do not stare, Croxford; I know of course that I am free, and that that fellow Lani was the murderer; but there my knowledge really ends."

"But the whole story has been printed in every newspaper in the kingdom," Lord Croxford persisted in much amazement. Frank winced, and turned away as he answered below his breath—

"I have not cared to read the papers lately."

"No, no, of course not," returned the good-natured young Viscount, with ready comprehension of the other's feelings and ready regret for his own blundering speech. "Look here, old fellow! Can you endure to hear the story? I will tell it as briefly as may be."

"Yes, tell me please," Frank answered eagerly; and, after a few preliminary puffs at his cigar, Croxford continued—

"You see this Italian was poor Lady de Walden's cousin, and appears to have looked upon her as his own special property ever since she was a child; not that she gave him any encouragement, for she held him in extreme dread; but perhaps he thought to subjugate her by that very fear. They tell me she was very beautiful——"

"She was," Frank broke in, in a low pained tone, "the loveliest girl I ever saw, and her beauty was of the purest, most angelic type."

"Well, poor soul, she ought to be an angel in Heaven, now, for she died the death of a martyr here; but to go back to days before her marriage. It seems this Lani tried to force from her a promise to wait three years for him, and marry him on his return from the voyage on which he confidently hoped to make his fortune; and she——"

"Refused him and married my uncle. I have heard that part of the story."

"Oh, you have! Well, having heard nothing of her terrible cousin for so long a time, I suppose poor Lady de Walden came to the comfortable conclusion that he was dead; and I do not think that Sir George ever troubled himself much about the matter; but it so happened that Lani returned to Porto Rico on the very day that your uncle went back to England. The news that met the fiery-tempered desperado, whom success had rendered more arrogant and imperious than ever, drove him absolutely mad. Anita's refusal had counted for absolutely nothing in his thoughts, though he had fiercely resented it at the time. He had returned rich; he did not doubt that he should find her still at Porto Rico, and could cajole or force her into marrying him at last. When he did find that she was already married, that she, her child and husband had escaped him but by a day, his rage was terrible to behold. He followed instantly to England, driven on, as he told the priest who shrived him, by a keen desire for revenge. All one day and night he hid about the park, hoping to catch sight of Lady de Walden; but she never left the house, though he saw you constantly, with the poor little child by your side."

Frank's face grew very pale; and he turned his head abruptly away, recalling, with a keen pang, the little trotting figure by his side, and thinking of the lurking murderer, so near at hand.

"He did not think at first of harming little Georgie; but the next morning, rendered desperate by fatigue and baffled rage, he ventured nearer to the house. The little fellow, who was seated on the verandah waiting, as it seems, for you, caught of the lurking figure, and ran out to it with a glad greeting cry of 'Cousin Frank, cousin Frank!'"

"Lani caught and held him in a grip of iron, and the poor baby soon discovered his mistake. He began to whimper, as he looked into the dark cruel face of his captor and then, and not till then—or so he says—there came to the murderer the fiendish thought that he could best punish and torture the mother through the child."

"And he killed him!" Frank cried lifting his ashen face and blazing eyes with a look of dazed horror—"killed the innocent trusting little creature that even a wild beast might have spared!"

"Such men are worse than wild beasts," Croxford answered sadly. His honest face was pale with sympathetic pain; but he hurried through the hard task he had set himself. "And his cruel vengeance did not end there. He waited in the shrubbery until Lady de Walden came, and then rose up like a demon before her, and, overwhelming the pale mother with fierce reproaches, flung the dead child down at her feet."

"You know the rest, Frank," Lord Croxford went on, after a brief pause, broken only by the other's choking sobs. "The shock turned the poor young mother's brain, broke her heart—and—killed her with merciful swiftness. Lani, with an audacity that seems almost incredible, went straight back to Porto Rico, where he led for some weeks a life of reckless dissipation, and was finally killed in a drunken brawl, lingering, thank Heaven, just long enough to clear and save you."

Lord Croxford leaned back in his chair and resumed his cigar with a relieved sigh, watching his friend keenly the while through his half-closed eyes. A week's freedom had not served to restore to Frank de Walden the nerve and strength of which the long imprisonment and longer strain of suspense had robbed him.

He looked pale and harassed, and started at every unexpected sound in a way that would have seemed absurd to the hale athletic young fellow of a few months back.

"There is but one cure for him, complete change of scene and thought, and but one traveling-companion who will serve to rouse him," the kindly young man decided with himself. "I will talk to Sir George to-morrow; he must see that Frank has been sacrificed long and cruelly enough, even to such a sorrow as his."

He carried out his intention; and as Sir George had taken the strong capricious fancy of an invalid to May Verner's lover, much was decided at the conference between them; and Frank was not a little astonished by a summons to his uncle's presence.

He obeyed it with a sort of languid distaste—not that he harbored one bitter or resentful thought against the man who had done his best to hang him; but he shrank always and nervously from any painful scene, from any expression of remorse or regret, from any touching upon the unhealed, aching wound in his memory and thoughts.

It was an inexpressible relief and almost as much of a surprise to him to see May Verner's bright face behind the sick man's chair, to see the eager pleasing smile with which his uncle held out one thin hand to greet him.

"At last, Frank!" he cried, trying to keep the faint touch of reproach out of his tone. "I thought you were never coming near me again."

Frank muttered some few words of apology in a dull mechanical fashion, and dropped listlessly into the nearest chair. He did not mean to be ungracious, and was dimly conscious of May's reproachful look; but even to please her he could not shake off the cruel apathy that lay so heavily upon him.

"Well, I cannot grumble," Sir George said, with a short impatient sigh; "but I am glad you have come, for I want to speak to you—on business."

"On business?" Frank repeated, with a stupid stare. What business could have any interest for this desolate stricken old man?

Sir George read the not unnatural thought and shook his snow-white head.

"I have still to set my house in order, Frank; but the business of which I spoke was yours. My dear boy, I have never spoken of the cruel wrong I did you."

"Do not!" Frank said, with a sharp little wince and an imploring gesture. "I want to forget."

"And, to show that you forgive, will you—will you——" Sir George suddenly caught his nephew's hand and held it fast, then turned his head back, and said hurriedly to the watchful girl behind the chair—"May tell him what I want."

May flushed a little, but answered instantly to Frank's appealing look.

"Sir George thinks, and we all agree, Frank that you and Essie should get married at once."

It was a verbal thunderbolt.

Frank rose at once, the red blood dyeing his pale face, the pained and listless look yielding to one of half-rapturous, half-shocked astonishment.

"At once—in all this——" He paused and glanced at Sir George, who promptly took the word from him.

"In all this misery? Yes; it is my wish—my earnest eager wish, Frank. You will not deny that pleasure to a man who has no other left in this world. Marry, and take your wife away, and let me see you happy and yourself again before I die."

Frank paced the little room with hasty uneven steps; his nerves tingled with the excitement of the thought, his blood ran wildly through his veins, the old listless apathy was dead, and in its place there had come a feverish unrest.

To win Essie, his true and loyal love, to bear her away with him, to forget for a while beneath bluer skies and softer airs the misery that had almost turned his brain and broken the spring of life within him—this was a temptation indeed; and yet—and yet—— Would not the burial and the bridal services jar discordantly? Dare he be happy in presence of this fresh grief—these new-made graves?

Perhaps May, who knew and loved, and who was watching him intently, divined the morbid thought, for she whispered gently as he neared her chair—

"Remember Frank, he is the truest mourner—and it is his wish!"

"And—Mr. Verner?"

May's whole face brightened, for those few words told her that the day was won.

"Papa will be overjoyed. He and Sir George and Croxford arranged it all between them last night."

"And Essie?"

May's gold flecked lashes rested for a moment on her soft pink cheek, then lifted themselves bravely, as she said, with a frankly affectionate smile—

"Ask her, Frank. Even her sister must not answer such a question as that."

* * * * * *

Frank did ask her, with all the eloquence at his command; and without any show of doubt or hesitation Essie placed her small hand in his, and agreed at once to his wish. It was no time for coyness or coquetry, when her lover's life almost seemed at stake, and there was no reason for delay when millinery preparations were unnecessary.

So, one week later, Esther Verner and Frank de Walden were made one in the quietest fashion, and the great wish of Sir George de Walden's heart was fulfilled.

"I can die happy now!" he said to May, his great comfort and consoler, after the wedding was over, and the young pair had started on their honeymoon; and May only answered with her cheerily obstinate look:

"No; you have made them happy; you must live to see—who knows?—perhaps to share—their happiness."

Sir George smiled affectionately at the girl and sadly at the prophecy, but, strange to say, the latter was fulfilled. He did live to welcome Frank back, restored to perfect health of mind and body, and, being nursed with tenderest devotion by the new mistress of De Walden Court, ever seemed to take a fresh hold of life.

Grand-nephews and grand-nieces had climbed about his knees and taught him that life holds drops of sweetness to the very dregs, before the end came, and he looked his last on loving faces before they laid him to rest beside the young wife and little child of whom a cruel vengeance had robbed him.

[THE END.]

HER BROTHER'S SPECTRE.

MY mother had two brothers, Francis and Richard. The younger, Richard, I knew well, for he lived to an old age. The elder, Francis, was at the time of the occurence I am about to report, a gay young man, about twenty, unmarried, handsome, frank, affectionate, and extremely beloved by all classes throughout that part of the country.

One fine calm afternoon, my mother, shortly after a confinement, but perfectly convalescent, was lying in bed, enjoying from her window the sense of summer beauty and repose; a bright sky above and a quiet village before her.

In this state she was gladdened by hearing footsteps, which she took to be those of her brother Frank, as he was familiarly called, approaching the chamber-door. The visitor knocked and entered. The foot of bed was towards the door; and the curtains at the foot, notwithstanding the season, were drawn to prevent any draught. Her brother parted them, and looked in upon her.

His gaze was earnest, and destitute of its usual cheerfulness, and he spoke, not a word.

"My dear Frank," said my mother, "how glad I am to see you! Come round to the bedside: I wish to have some talk with you."

He closed the curtains, as complying; but instead of doing so, my mother, to her astonishment, heard him leave the room, close the door behind him, and begin to descend the stairs. Greatly amazed, she hastily rang, and when her maid appeared she bade her call her brother back. The girl replied she had not seen him enter the house. But my mother insisted, saying,—"He was here but this instant. Run quick! Call him back; I must see him!"

The girl hurried away, but after a time returned, saying that she could learn nothing of him anywhere, nor had anyone in or about the house seen him either enter or depart.

My mother was far from superstitious; yet the strangeness of the circumstance struck her forcibly.

While she lay pondering over it, there was heard a sudden running and excited talking in the village street. My mother listened. It increased, though up to that time the village had been profoundly still; and she became convinced that something very unusual had occurred.

Again she rang the bell, to inquire the cause of the disturbance. This time it was the monthly nurse who answered it. She sought to tranquillize my mother, as a nurse usually does a patient.

Finally, however, my mother's alarm and earnest entreaties drew the terrible truth that her brother had just been stabbed at the top of the village, and killed on the spot.

The melancholy event had thus occurred. My uncle, Francis Tracey, had been dining at Shipley Hall with Mr. Edward Milter Mundy. Shipley Hall lay off to the left of the village as you looked up the main street from my father's house, and about a mile distant from it; while Heanor Fall, my uncle's residence, was situated to the right, the road from the one country seat to the other crossing, nearly at right angles, the upper portion of the village street at a point where stood one of the two village inns—the "Admiral Rodney" respectably kept by Widow H——ks.

I remember her well—a tall, fine-looking woman, who must have been handsome in her youth, and who retained, even past middle age, an air superior to her condition.

She had one only child, a son, then scarcely twenty. He was a good-looking, brisk young fellow, and bore a very fair character. He must, however, as the event showed, have been of a very nasty temper.

Frank Tracey, riding home from Shipley Hall, after the early country dinner that day, somewhat elate, it may be, with wine, stopped at the widow's inn, and bade the son bring him a glass of ale. As the latter turned to obey, my uncle, giving the youth a smart switch across the back with his riding-whip, cried out, in his joking way, "Now, be quick, Dick—be quick!"

The young man, instead of receiving the playful stroke as a jest, took it as an insult.

He rushed into the house, snatched up a carving-knife, and darting back into the street, stabbed my uncle to the heart as he sat on his horse, so that he fell dead on the instant in the road.

Young H——ks was tried at the next Derby Assizes; but (justly, no doubt, taking into view the sudden irritation caused by the blow) he was convicted of manslaughter and sent to penal servitude for ten years.

So great was the respect entertained for my uncle, and such the deep impression of his tragic end, that so long as the generation lived the church-bells of the village were regularly tolled on the anniversary of his death.

On comparing the circumstances, and the exact time at which each occurred, the fact was substantiated the apparition presented itself to my mother almost instantly after her brother had received the fatal stroke.

A WIFE-MARKET.—In Naples a kind of wife-market is held in connection with the foundling hospital every year. All the marriageable girl of the institution assemble in a room, to which young men of good character have access. Offer of marriage on the part of any young man is made by allowing his handkerchief to drop before the object of his choice as he passes by. If the girl takes it up, she thereby signifies her acceptance; but if she allows it to remain, her refusal.

YOUTH.

BY E. P. M.

Oh! strange inconsequence of youth
When days were lived from hand to mouth,
And thought ran round an empty ring
In foolish, sweet imagining.

We handled love in childish fashion—
The name alone and not the passion—
The world and life were things so small,
Our little wit encompassed all!

We took our being as our faith
For granted, drew our easy breath
And rarely stayed to wonder why
We were sent here to live and die.

Vague dreams we had, a grander Fate
Our lives would mold and dominate,
Till we should stand some far-off day
More godlike than of mortal clay.

Strong Fate! we meet thee but to find
Soul and all that lies behind,
We lose Youth's Paradise and gain
A world of Duty and of pain.

What's in a Name.

BY HENRY PRITH.

BLIND!

Nothing else would have mattered much, but he was blind—hopelessly blind.

He was an artist, and had caught cold while out sketching.

Inflammation had set in—gone to his eyes; and it was as if a dead wall had been built right across his path of life.

Ten years later it might have mattered less, for the children would have been "out of hand;" but now, with six of them—the eldest but nineteen and only a girl; the youngest seven—and no provision, it was a black look-out indeed.

For Charles Lloyd was not a genius. He had not even audacity, which does almost as well.

He painted very nice pictures, true to nature; but who on earth is satisfied with nature? One might as well offer people uncooked meat.

Christmas came, and the ready money was gone.

There were some pictures in the studio, but not any finished; however, finished or not, they must go.

They packed them up, and sent them to Mr. Lloyd's picture dealer, with a note to say they would be willing to take a low price, as the pictures were unfinished, and they were the last they would ever be able to send—a touch of tragedy Janet thought they would feel.

She added she would be happy to send some of her own drawings for their approval; and awaited their orders with the calm confidence of one who has not the faintest idea of the struggle for existence.

Incredible! impossible! It couldn't be true!

"Messrs. Pink and Son are returning the 'Woodland Scene' and the 'Morning Walk,' by Mr. Charles Lloyd, as they are sorry to say the pictures are unsaleable in their present condition. They also beg to inform Miss Lloyd that they are unable at present to send her an order, as trade is very bad, and they have a large stock on hand at present."

Janet sat stupefied, with the letter in her hand—

"Mother, the pictures are coming back! Pinks' won't have them. What in the world are we to do?"

"Won't have them! Whatever do they mean?"

"I don't know; oh, I don't know—it's dreadful—it's dreadful to think of!" and she started up distracted.

Jack was kneeling on a chair, his elbows well on the table, and a newspaper before him.

"Don't run away, Jenny; stop a minute. There's something here. Listen. 'To artists.—Wanted, pictures for exportation. Price must be moderate.—Apply, Moses and Co., Borough.'"

"Oh, Jack, let me see—how providential! What a magnificent opening! Oh, I am so thankful! For exportation! Why, they'll want dozens. Let's write at once; or perhaps we had better go, and then we can see them and get to know all about it, and buy the canvases and things."

The reaction was tremendous. Janet felt abundantly happy.

"But, my dear, it's hardly the proper thing."

"Oh! with Jack it will be all right, mother; besides, we shall not have to mind 'the thing' any more."

So Janet and Jack went, and they found "the Borough;" then they turned out of that, and up a court found "Moses and Co."

Talk about the improvement of taste! Whoever will buy all the tea-trays, wax flowers, gorgeous time-pieces which those warehouses contain is a puzzle.

They were ushered into a little back office to interview the buyer.

"Pictures?" said he shortly. "Yes, well, I'll just look at them. I can tell at a glance whether they will do for us."

He seemed very rude and abrupt; but if they had only known how tired the poor man was of pictures!

"There," said Janet, picking out two of her father's, and putting them up with some pride—they were so infinitely better than those in the room.

They all looked at them a minute—the man doubtless lost in admiration.

At last the girl looked round smiling, but there was no admiration to be seen; the man merely screwed up his lips and shook his head.

Presently he took up one of her own sketches—the worst a long way.

"This might do; only it would want a deal more work in it."

"Certainly," she said anxiously. "I could put any amount of work into it. I don't mind work."

"Don't you? Then I daresay we shall come to terms. You must throw a bridge across the river."

"But there wasn't one."

"That doesn't matter: and you must put an old woman in a scarlet cloak in the foreground. Our customers like a bit of life; and the canvas wants covering. There's too much sky; they like it well filled up—plenty for the money. You might put a range of mountains in the background: it would be a great improvement, would a mountain or two. What's your price?"

"I thought three guineas," she said, not liking to ask too much.

The man shook his head.

"Forty-eight shillings is our price, and we never give a penny more to anybody."

The sister and brother looked anxiously at each other, but forty-eight shillings was better than nothing; it was rather a queer price though.

"You find your own canvases?" said the man sharply.

"Of course."

"You had better sign them, not your own name, of course; besides, a lady's name wouldn't do. Sign them—er—let me see, our last man signed himself Montague White; suppose you call yourself Matthew—no, Mark Black; no, perhaps Black would hardly do just after White. Say—er—er—Barrett—Mark Barrett. Don't forget, and bring 'em in next week: forty-eight shillings, and find your own canvases."

"You want more than one, then? It is hardly the thing to do the same subject twice."

The man looked horrified at such unbusiness-like ideas.

"It's a dozen I'm ordering, just for a sample—forty-eight shillings a dozen! and if I like them, you'll have to do dozens and dozens all alike."

* * * * * *

March. Haverstock Hill. "Show-day" among the artists.

Carriages, critics, and well-dressed people going from studio to studio.

A rising young artist, Mark Barrett, was looking at his own pictures before the arrival of his visitors, with that "divine discontent" which, unfortunately, is not very common amongst inflated young artists.

Some ladies came in—people he knew quite well and had sent cards to, but he couldn't for the life of him remember their names.

He tried hard to make up for it in gush. "So glad to see you. How kind of you to come!"

"Not at all; delighted! Dear, dear, how very nice!" and the elder lady put up her glasses. "Why a very fine picture! Worthy of Millais, I declare!"

Mark Barrett went red, not with gratification—it was a portrait of a provincial mayor and he had not put his best work into it, as he ought to have done.

More people came in; among others, some friends of the mayor.

"How do you do, Mr. Barrett? Very happy to meet you again, sir. Saw you last in our council chamber. You remember me: Mr. Alderman Whitely, sir. Now let's have a look at our worthy mayor. Very good, very good; just like him, isn't it, my dear?" turning to his wife. "Eh?"

"Well, it's like him in the face," said the little woman doubtfully; "but I think myself that the waistcoat buttons are a trifle too small."

"So they are, so they are. Trust a woman for telling you your faults, Mr. Barrett, eh?"

A city man came up to him.

"I could have picked up one of your pictures for an old song the other day, Mr. Barrett," in a loud, cheerful voice, as if it was a good joke that all the room would like to hear and perhaps they did.

"Indeed! what was that?"

"River scene; bridge, mountains, old woman in scarlet cloak. I should have bought it, being yours, only the frame was such a glimsack affair."

"You are mistaken. I never did such a thing in my life."

"It had your name on, I'm perfectly certain."

"What were they asking for it?"

"Five-dollars."

"You must be mistaken," in deep disgust.

"Very well; if you don't believe me, you can look for yourself. I have the address in my pocket."

Mark was so much annoyed, that the very next day he made a pilgrimage to the city.

He determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

Most likely it was a name that was something like his; but it might be a forgery, in which case he would have the fellow punished.

He found the picture-dealer's—at least, it wasn't a picture-dealer's, it was a draper's—and there, sure enough, among oleographs and rubbish of all sorts, were three pictures, fearful things, signed "Mark Barrett."

However, the shopman directed him to Moses and Co., Borough.

He hurried on there; it was dinner-time, between twelve and one; only a boy in charge.

That was fortunate; he got the address without any trouble; Miss Janet Lloyd, Ivy Cottage, Hoxton.

"A woman, after all. What pests those women are!"

* * * * *

"Now, Jack, I'll put in the bridges while you follow the old woman. We must hurry along. If we don't get these off to-night we shall be in a fix for money to-morrow."

"Well, never mind, Jinney; don't let's worry more than we can help. Do you think this old woman will do?"

"Ye—es; put plenty of color on and smooth it down well. Whatever would the public do without 'Mark Barretts' works of art? "I do hate calling myself 'Mark Barrett,'" signing the name in a corner, as the door opened.

She didn't turn round—she was too busy—until their little servant said, "Mr. Mark Barrett, please, miss."

Poor, white, over-strung Janet dropped her palette "butter side" down on the only decent carpet in the house as she turned horror-struck to face a gentleman—a Mark Barrett in the flesh. Curly-haired and blue-eyed certainly, but ferocious. She simply could not speak for a moment.

Even Jack was speechless; he turned very red and tried to stand in front of the pictures with the name on, but as there was a whole row of them all alike, the feat was beyond his powers.

Mark had come straight down from the city in a furious rage.

Every "pot-boiler" he had seen of poor Janet's only made him more angry.

He marched into the house as soon as the door was opened; it was quite possible such a person as that might look him out; however, the little servant was evidently not up to it, and most fortunately showed him into the very room where the forgeries were going on.

There was the fictitious Mark Barrett herself—caught red-handed, literally red-handed; she had been signing the name in vermilion, and the palette in falling had smeared her hands.

Mark was rather taken aback as he looked at the pale trembling culprit, with her great horror-struck dark eyes.

He looked at the row of wretched daubs, twelve of them all alike, and at Jack's red face, short trousers and shrunken jacket, and his agonized attempts to hide the twelve staring "Mark Barretts."

But it wouldn't do to give way to sentiment and have his judgment warped by a pretty face, like a stupid juryman in a breach of promise case. The very thought made him stern.

"I will not apologize for my intrusion," he said; "for I have no doubt you have some idea of the cause of my visit."

Janet, who would have broken down at a kind word, resented this unjust harshness.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain. I am not aware that I have done anything so very wrong."

Jack felt very angry. He was longing to defend his sister, but couldn't think of a telling speech.

"Oh! to be a man—a cool, self-possessed man."

"Not done anything wrong, do you say, madam? Are you, then, so ignorant of right and wrong as not to know that you have committed the grossest forgery? Don't you know that it is actionable?"

The sister and brother looked at each other, not very clear as to what actionable meant.

An idea flashed upon Jack. "You don't mean to say you are going to send my sister to prison? because it wasn't her that did it—it was me!" he said eagerly.

"No, no, Jack, that won't do. It was I, sir," turning proudly and contemptuously to Mark, "if you refer to my having signed what I suppose is your name. It is fortunate that I did not happen to sign 'John Brown,' or I might have had a hundred gentlemen threatening me instead of one."

"If you had signed your pictures"—sarcastic emphasis and wave of the hand towards the twelve—"'John Brown' it would have mattered very little, as that is not a well-known name."

"Indeed!"

"In the art world, I was about to add," furiously; "but it so happens that my name is rather well known, as no doubt you are aware."

"Indeed! I never had the pleasure of hearing it before."

"Indeed?"

He really was surprised, and not much flattered.

"No, really, isn't it surprising?" said Jack rudely—his clumsy way of defending his sister.

Mark colored up, but he was obliged to accept the extinguisher.

He couldn't explain what a great man he was, from an artist's point of view.

"Well," said he, willing to be magnanimous, "since the offence has been committed in ignorance, I will not prosecute this time, on condition that you immediately obliterate all those"—pointing to the twelve names—"and call in all the—er—pictures you can possibly get hold of and re-sign them."

Jack whistled.

"Think of Moses!" he suggested.

"I don't suppose the people who buy them will like that," said Janet. "They've got a trade for 'Mark Barretts,' they say. I don't know what to do. Whatever shall we do, Jack?"

There was a despairing ring about the voice that struck Mark. She turned to him again.

"If you would just let us send off this dozen it would give us time."

"Not another picture! You have done me incalculable injury already."

"I'm very sorry. Will you wait just a minute? I should like to consult my father. He was a painter himself, but last winter he became blind. That's the reason we have had to do all this," she said very simply.

"Is it so?" sharply.

This little key gave a clue to the whole situation, but he could hardly believe it yet it was so different from his idea. He rose and opened the door for her, and was left alone with Jack.

Then there was an awkward pause. Jack, with his hands in his pockets, looked out of the window.

He had no intention of being civil to this brute. He looked at the pictures.

"Does your sister do many of these things?"

"A dozen or two a week."

"You don't say so! Why, she must work night and day!"

"She does, pretty nearly."

"You shouldn't let her work so hard. She'll kill herself."

"Can't be helped. We've nothing else to live on," and he whistled to keep down tears unbecoming in a man.

More and more shocked and distressed, Mark ventured to hope they got a good price.

"Four dollars, and find our own stuff."

A howl in the passage. "It's only the children," explained Jack.

"Are there some children?"

"Six of us, and father and mother. I say, I think you might have left 'Mark Barrett' alone. Perhaps you would if you knew everything."

"I am very sorry—very sorry indeed! I didn't know all this, you see. Of course, I cannot possibly let your sister go on using my name; but if you will tell me all, perhaps I can help you a little."

But Janet came back into the room very grave and sad. Mark's heart smote him painfully.

He vowed he wouldn't lose sight of this poor family. Janet apologized humbly for the mistake she had made, said how sorry her father was to hear of it, and he would like to see Mr. Barrett for a few minutes.

A few weeks later, when the Academy was getting stale, the town hot and wearisome, Mark Barrett felt it was really his duty to get a little country sketching before the spring tints quite faded away.

A day or two later, and he found himself looking out of a farm-house window not far from Ivy Cottage, and wondering if he might venture to call.

The country is rather dull without any one to speak to—"a healthy grave," Sydney Smith called it.

So not many days—in fact, only a few hours—elapsed before he was chatting comfortably with Mr. Lloyd, talking art, nay, shop, soul-refreshing to the ex-artist, although so tedious to the "Philistine."

Mr. Lloyd was so delighted to meet with a brother of the brush again that he became quite confidential, told him about his own unfinished work, and what a great pity it was.

"You know, Janet can paint in a fashion, but she can't do good enough work for that; besides, I am afraid these wretched things she seems to be doing now won't have improved her style. You've seen them, of course? Tell me, as an artist, are they really so very bad?"

"Those I saw were certainly rather—rather—crude, but perhaps she has something better in hand now. I should like to see what she is doing, if you think I might venture. Perhaps I could give her a few hints, you know."

"Thank you very much. I am sure we are greatly indebted to you for your forbearance altogether; but come into the next room and tell me what you think of their work."

Mark was surprised to find his heart beat strangely at this mild remark.

"It must be a touch of indigestion," he impatiently assured himself; but he could not help feeling it was a moment that would stand out in his life when he held Janet's nervous hand in his for a second, and she glanced up at him with proud shame.

For ranged along the wall were twelve more pictures, exactly like the others—twelve ranges of mountains, twelve bridges, now in course of construction, and twelve old women awaiting their scarlet cloaks.

"Still busy, I see, Miss Lloyd."

"She's always busy," said her father, with a sigh. "I do wish she could get out a little more—not only for the sake of the fresh air, but I am sure if she does not get more sketching from nature her work will deteriorate."

"Mr. Barrett will tell you that that is impossible, father" said Janet, half in fun, half in sarcasm.

Mark colored a little. He could not deny that it was impossible for anything in the painting line to be much worse; but he caught a faint little sigh from Janet, and Jack looked out of the window with longing eyes.

"It's a jolly afternoon," he said. "I say, Jenny, don't you think we might drop it for once? There'll be such a breeze on Ripley Head."

Janet gave him a look.

"We'll see when we have done our work, Jack."

Sighing not a little, but prodigiously, Jack took up his brush again.

"That means never!" he said. "These beasts will take hours."

Mark hesitated a minute before he descended to the bottom of the professional ladder.

"If you will allow me to help you," he said presently, "I think we might finish in time for a walk before dusk. I am very anxious to see Ripley Head myself, and your father was kind enough to say you would show me the way," looking at Jack.

"If Miss Lloyd would allow me the pleasure of accompanying you?" looking at Janet.

"We shall be most happy," he said; "but I can't think of troubling you with these. I daresay Jack and I can finish in two or three hours."

"But I enjoy painting, and I have nothing in the world to do this afternoon. Here Jack, lend me a palette. I'll go on with the trees."

A month or two ago, Mark wouldn't have believed it if he could have seen himself now, diligently working in the trees by the dozen, trying to ingratiate himself with an overgrown boy, and manœuvring for a look from a "brazen forger."

The little maid brought them in some tea, and they worked away cheerily—Mr. Lloyd looking in now and then, enjoying the fresh life in the house.

When the sun was beginning visibly to sink, and the last old woman was fitted with her red cloak, the young people got ready for their walk.

Janet, from some undefinable instinct, put on her most becoming, though by no means her newest hat, and plucked some scarlet geraniums for her neck, which burned bright against her black dress and pale face.

But not so pale. As they stood on Ripley Head, watching the sun quickly sinking on the horizon, long out of sight from the valleys, the reflection of the red and golden clouds wrapped the girl in a halo of glory. "What a wonderfully beautiful creature!" thought the artist, entranced with the effect.

She was by no means beautiful, but he thought her so, which was enough. It was sunrise for Janet, not sunset.

Jack had many a time helped his sister down the steep side of Ripley Head. He was going to do so now, of course (even the biggest brothers are not very sharp where their sisters are concerned); but Mr. Barrett happened to be nearer, and offered his hand, and, though Jack was a dear boy, there was, strange to say, something firmer, and warmer, and closer in this grasp.

The mother, dulled perhaps by her troubles, was vexed with her daughter about this time. She was so unreasonable.

But Janet's instinct was right. Though nothing on earth will sunder souls that are fast and firmly knit, the merest trifle will turn aside the first inclination. Besides, to attract is a natural, healthy instinct, and to be attracted—why, no one would if they didn't like it.

One day it dawned even upon Jack's brotherly understanding that Janet was different somehow, and it wasn't only the geranium in her dress and ribbon at her waist.

They were painting as usual, and, as was now not unusual, Mr. Barrett was helping them, when the bungling, well-meaning brother struck in:

"You've been an awfully good friend to us, Mr. Barrett, especially to Janet and me, getting us orders and all that; but there's one thing you've done that I don't believe anybody's noticed but me, and that is, you've made a great alteration in Jenny."

"Nonsense, Jack, nothing of the kind!" she burst in, horrified as to what he would say next, her face almost as red as the geraniums.

Mark, standing by her, looked down on her, bit his lip, and began to wish Jack would go out of the room.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Jack, with the calm confidence of ignorance and blundering like a big bluebottle fly; "she's as happy and cheerful as anything now, and I know it's you, because she's so disappointed when you don't come."

"Jack, be quiet—it's all nonsense. Don't be silly!"

"She was very down at first about the name, you know, and Moses was very mad with her because she wouldn't sign 'Mark Barrett' any more."

"Of course not! I shouldn't think of such a thing," she burst in passionately, "after all you said," turning to mark. "You may be sure I shall never make use of your name again."

"Won't you?" he returned. "Do you know, I was rather beginning to hope you would."

In great surprise Janet looked at him, but something in his eyes made her drop hers.

"With a little addition," he said, in a low tone.

"Oh, my!" struck up Jack, enlightened at last. "I never thought of that. Here, I'll go and get some dinner—tea, I mean. You can come when you're ready."

MEMORY IN DOGS.—Several years ago a gentleman was presented with a black-and-tan terrier. One evening he went to fetch it to his own home, some five miles on the south of the Potomac. For the greater part of the way the dog and his new owner traveled (in the dark of course) outside a plane. The terrier was confined for a week and then set at liberty. Next day it disappeared and it was afterwards learnt that it arrived at its old home, ragged and starved, six or seven days after effecting its escape. As the dog had been taken on a vehicle right across Washington, over the river, and in the dark to a strange district nine miles from its home, its finding its way back, must be regarded as a remarkable instance of canine intelligence.

THE BIBLE.—Two thousand years ago the Ptolemy Philadelphus gave the Jews about $5,000,000 for a copy of the Old Testament, and paid half as much more to the men who translated it.

A KITTLE toddler in Natick, Mass., was choked to death the other day by a bean given him to play with.

Saved From Herself.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ONE glorious evening towards the end of summer Leonard Wellborn was returning to Kingswood House, the home of his ancestors, after twenty years absence, since that day when, in the full tide of youthful passion, he had at the age of eighteen been rejected by Lucy Warner at the command of her father, who had forced her to marry his rival, Howard Vere.

Twenty years!

And Kingswood had grown into a glorious demesne, with parks, and lawns, and vales, and terraces, and fountains, and vistas; and as his carriage rolled almost noiselessly over the well-kept road from the village station to his place Leonard thought he never, in all his wanderings abroad had seen so grand a scene as stretched for miles along the road, its wide tree-branches waving in the sunlight, its glimpses of cool, shady spots, and glimmering water, being like bits of scenic poetry.

It seemed almost impossible for him to realize he was at home again, and to dispel the illusion that could hardly seem actual he leaned back against the leather-covered cushions to read again the last letter he had received from Kingswood—a letter from his sister Honora, who was chatelaine and general supervisor—a letter that, upon its first reading, had startled him out of the stern composure the years had taught him—that agitated him as he thought that nothing again could do, as nothing had done since Lucy Warner had ceased to be for him.

At first Nora's letter had dazed him, bewildered him, startled and cruelly unnerved him.

Then, a week later, he had telegraphed the one word "Yes" to Kingswood.

And now a fortnight later he was at the very gates of Kingswood, and reading for the dozenth time his sister's letter, in which she told him of Mrs. Vere's death in her native village, and how, since her husband had died and her parents were so old and feeble, there was no one in all the world to whom she could entrust her one child, her darling, her idol, but him and his sister Nora, asking him if he would accede to Mrs. Vere's dying request, and, if so, to notify her by telegram.

And after several day's deliberation he had telegraphed "Yes"—"yes," that he would take Lucy Vere's child, the daughter that should have been his daughter, because she was Lucy's; "yes" that he would be Lucy's child's best friend—her counsellor, protector.

Then he had conceived the notion of going home himself to see this girl who was henceforth to be his especial charge—this girl of whom he knew not a word, except that she was named Violet Vere.

Of her appearance, her age, her manner, her impression on his sister Nora, not a word had been said.

So the carriage went bowling rapidly smoothly, along the drive to Kingswood, bearing Leonard to his fate.

For it was ensured from the very moment his surprised, admiring eyes eyes lighted on the fair, slender girl who stood at Miss Nora's side—such an angel-faced girl, with not any resemblance to her mother or her father; a dainty-limbed, clear-eyed girl, with scarlet lips that dimpled into a sweet smile of shy welcome as he took her hand when Miss Nora presented her, after her own quietly-rapturous greeting.

So that was Violet—"Violet?"

And this man, who had bowed over the fair hands of England's titled beauties, had looked into the sparkling eyes of Spanish and Italian women, and exchanged gay jest with piquant Parisians, with never an increased quiver at his heart, came home to lay down his heart in unconditional surrender at Violet Vere's feet—came home to experience such passionate love that almost terrified him with its power over him, and that, as the days went by, changed to shuddering fear, because he saw that there was no hint of reciprocity in the clear, lovely eyes that never shrank from his own, in the pure face that never blushed beneath his glances.

Then, as if in these mature days of his he was fated to experience all possible phases of the grand passion, Rex Longdale came on the scene, and, after that, the sunshine lost its brightness, Kingswood its beauty; for eyes not sharpened by such love and jealousy as Leonard Wellborn's easily read the story of Violet Vere's heart in those blithe summer days.

He was a handsome young fellow, this Rex, with a gay, dashing way about him that was peculiarly fascinating to Violet's more reserved temperament; and many was the time that Leonard watched the two together with unspeakable bitterness of soul, as he wondered how, in the name of all that was sensible, he could ever have been fool enough to imagine Violet could care for him—quiet, grave, middle-aged—him, who would have laid down his life to make her happy, but who could not stand by and see another one winning the love that he so wanted to brighten his own lonely life.

If only he could have known something ill of this man who came every day a-wooing. If only anything would happen to change her sweet opinion of him!

And then he hated himself anew for his jealous meanness, little dreaming that the distrust and detestation he felt for his favored rival was not the outspring of jealous meanness, but the natural though intangible impression that was given from a nature that was really not worthy his or Violet's regard.

Because Rex Longdale was a rascal, because he was an adventurer, and had skillfully and deliberately made his plans to secure Violet Vere and the dower he and everyone knew would go with her from Leonard Wellborn's bounty.

The knowledge came to Leonard Wellborn suddenly—knowledge that he hardly knew, while he learned it, yielded him more of pain when he thought of Violet, or mad delight when he thought of himself.

At first, when the pale-faced, sad-eyed woman who had come timidly to Kingswood, and told him Rex Longdale was her husband—that he had deserted her more than once to carry on his nefarious plans, but that she had so far frustrated him, when that piteous-faced, piteous-voiced woman went away, Leonard could barely restrain himself from rushing to Violet—Violet, who at that very moment was singing low, sweet snatches of music in the upper room, from whence her voice came floating purely down, so fresh, so glad, so free in its girlish happiness—and telling her of her lover's infamy.

But somehow his great heart felt such tender pity for her that he thought to leave her to her happiness a little longer, until——

Two hours later he would have forfeited his life not to have been so merciful, for there came to him at dinner, that was served just at the dusk, a penciled note, full of strangely mingled repentance, delight, and resolve—a note from Violet, that told him she had consented to the romance of an elopement with Rex Longdale; that her dear, good friend must not be angry, but forgive them, when they returned; that she knew it was wrong, but she could not refuse her beloved; that when she came back Rex's proud, happy wife, he would see how she would make him forgive her.

Leonard Wellborn sprang from his chair, with the face like a dead man.

"O, Father of Mercy! have pity on her! Save her—save her!"

And two minutes later he was on his horse, galloping in frantic speed to the nearest station, to find that Rex Longdale and Violet had left in the train an hour before—that already they were beyond his reach, beyond help, if so be that the telegram he sent speeding after them was too late to detain them.

That was a half-hour of bitterest agony to the man, as he paced to and fro on the deserted station platform, waiting in mad impatience for the answer to his despatch—waiting for the next down train to take him—he hardly reasoned where, or for what.

Then the telegraph operator gave a sudden exclaim about to him, as he passed the window in his restless promenade—

"The 4.30 is off the track, just a mile this side of the city,—down an embankment—passengers killed and hurt! We'll send a special engine with you, Mr. Wellborn, if you want to go."

Killed! And a suddenly a ghastly picture of his darling lying white and dead sent great quivers of anguish all over him.

"But better so—better so, if it must be!"

Two hours later, he was searching carefully, heart-sickeningly, amid that awful harvest field of death, to find Violet—not dead, not hurt, but sitting, dazed and faint, a little off from the terrible scene, looking on the handsome, still face of Rex Longdale lying on the green grass, with a haunting faced, trembling woman kneeling beside him—a woman with clasped hands and pale face, full of the despair of life.

Leonard snatched the girl madly in his arms, and she nestled there, with a little, moaning cry—then pointed to the handsome dead face under the blue sky, and the woman beside it.

And a great cry of thanksgiving went up from him—

"Violet—my poor little girl!—it means salvation for you! That is his wife beside him! Poor little Violet!"

And in after days he gently, patiently won her—this scarlet-lipped, gray-eyed girl, who knew that she never had loved truly that other, with his plausible words, who knew that to heaven's mercy she owed her salvation, and her promise of future happiness as Leonard Wellborn's wife.

PECULIARITIES OF BEES.—The "Animal Gazette" publishes some queer facts about the sociology of bees. It appears that the monarchies of bees, well governed as they seem to be, are afflicted nevertheless by organized criminal classes—thieves and highway robbers. Some of these robber bees go in strong bands to pillage, and are able to storm and sack a hive. After the slaughter they carry all the provisions home. Some colonies of bees never work: they live entirely by robbery and murder. There are also thieves who creep unperceived into strange hives to steal honey. If successful they return afterwards with hordes of burglar bees, break open the honey-sales, and carry away the contents. But the most curious fact is that these bees can be artificially produced, by feeding the larvæ upon honey mixed with brandy. In the words of the famous naturalist: "Just as a man does, the bees become victims of their love of this beverage, which exercises the same pernicious influence upon us; they become excited, drunk, and cease to work. When hunger comes upon them they fall, like man, from one vice to another, and finally give themselves up without scruple to robbery, pillage, and violence."

THE self-indulgent man thinks to secure the gratification of appetite without paying its price. For a time he may enjoy sensual pleasures; but by degrees his course of life brings forth its natural fruits. His vitality is sapped, his self respect is gone, his very power of enjoyment has diminished, and he is, perchance, the victim of disease, or poverty, or self reproach.

Scientific and Useful.

AFTER DARK.—Electricity has been brought to the aid of the sportsman by the use of a small lamp for the front sight of a rifle, to render it visible in the dusk or when from any cause whatever there is insufficient light. The minute electric lamp is fixed near the muzzle of the gun and shielded by a metallic screen. The current is supplied by a small battery in the stock.

FAT.—The following are four plans given for reducing obesity: Eat nothing containing starch, sugar or fat, called the Banting system; the eating of fat, but not sugar or starch, called the German Banting; the wearing of wool and sleeping in flannel blankets, instead of sheets, or the Munich system; not eating and drinking at the same time, or rather the allowing of a couple of hours to interview between eating and drinking, the Schweninger system.

GLYCERINE.—A thin coat of pure glycerine applied to both sides of glass will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and will stay until it collects so much dust that it cannot be seen through. Surveyors can use it to advantage on their instruments in foggy weather. In fact, it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on anything; and engineers will find it particularly useful in preventing the accumulation of steam as well as frost on their windows during the cold weather.

THE TEETH.—The teeth should be washed with a stiff brush on rising, and with an old, used brush immediately after each meal, always employing lukewarm water or holding cold water in the back part of the mouth until it is warmed. Never eat an atom after the teeth have been washed for the night. Always use the brush slowly lest by a slip a tooth may be scaled or broken. After meals let the bristles of the brush be moved up and down by a twisting motion, making each one a toothpick. A yellowish tint in a tooth is proof of its soundness; hence do not seek to keep them of a pearly whiteness. It destroys them.

WATER-COOLER.—A novel description of water-cooler—an English contrivance—consists of a revolving basket of wire gauze surrounding an inner stationary vessel pierced with numerous small holes, through which the heated water discharged by the air pump of the engine finds its way into the revolving basket, to be thrown out in the form of fine spray to a distance of twenty feet on either side; the drops are received in the tanks or dam, and, in its rapid passage through the air, the water is sufficiently cooled to be again ready for injection into the condenser. The basket is about three feet in diameter makes 300 revolutions per minute, and the apparatus, which requires three or four indicated horse power to drive it, will cool 300 gallons of water a minute. It is claimed that the driving power required is more than recovered in the increased power given to the engine through the greater perfection of the vacuum obtained in the condenser.

Farm and Garden.

KEROSENE.—The Department of Agriculture, affirms that kerosene oil is a valuable agent to the destruction of all insects and bugs.

WARM WATER.—A correspondent says that in his experience plants watered with warm water will make a far more vigorous growth than those given cold water, other conditions being the same. Water a few degrees warmer than the temperature seems to be the best.

SHEEP AND DOGS.—The killing of sheep by dogs is usually done during the night. To guard against dogs the sheep should be induced to come up every evening to be fed inside of a high enclosure made of palings or wire, with an open shed in the centre for protection to the sheep against any storms.

STAGGERS.—Blind staggers in pigs are often caused by overfeeding, which produces indigestion, inaction of the stomach, and congestion of the brain; or apoplexy. It is not easily cured, but one of the best remedies is to mix three drops of croton oil with a tablespoonful of castor oil and give to each pig as a dose.

FOWLS.—Keep fowls tame. You cannot afford to have them wild. They will not pay as well, lay as well or afford one-half the satisfaction that a tame flock would. If there is anything that will disgust a fancier it is to see a lot of hens flying wildly here and there whenever a man approaches. All breeds can be rendered tame by proper treatment, but some breeds require more care than others to produce this result. Generally speaking, the larger breeds, like the Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rock and the like, are more easily tamed than the smaller ones like the Leghorns and Hamburgs.

PHOSPHATES.—Market gardeners sometimes use a ton of superphosphate per acre. It is a great waste. Five or six hundred pounds is all the crop needs, and the only benefit derived from the excess is due to the nitrogen and potash the fertilizer may contain. For the sake of getting a pound of nitrogen you use three, four, in some cases even five or six pounds of phosphate, which the plants do not need. Intelligent market gardeners should study this subject. Better use five or six hundred pounds of superphosphate and purchase the required nitrogen in some cheaper and more available shape—such as dried blood, sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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The Influence of "Society."

In all large cities, with their increasing population, which every year adds to what is called "society," there are corresponding demands upon the people who compose that society, the nature and extent of which are well worthy the thought of those who are affected by these demands. As families increase, and the children grow to maturity, they become a part of that society into which they naturally drift, either through their own selection or through the introduction of their parents or friends. In one way or another this result is brought about, and it is a matter of great moment how it shall best be done so that social demands may not occasion to the participants harm, either morally, mentally, or physically, by an over-zealous compliance therewith. Though young ladies may—because of the time which they have for rest after social entertainments, and the opportunity for recuperating their strength and recovering from fatigue—young men who are engaged in business pursuits during the day cannot well afford to weaken their energies by such a constant round of pleasure. In order to restore the waste occasioned by the labor of the day and the dissipations of the night, (if we may be pardoned the use of the expression), the system needs artificial support, and this is oftentimes applied, to the ruin of health. How often are seen at our business places young men undertaking, with languid listlessness, the duties of the day, utterly unfit to give proper attention to what is required of them, because of their social dissipation! Society is tyrannical in her demands upon all who seek entrance within her charmed circle, and once within it, her every behest must be obeyed without cavil or question, for refractory elements will not be tolerated. Society is a fickle jade, and will not submit to indignity from any one who desires to remain where she holds sway. She claims unreserved fealty to her rule and power. With the family and comforts at home she is antagonistic, when her demands interfere with the care and education of children, and the companionship of the home circle. It is said, that upon one who carries a light purse, and goes about attending to his own business, and does not make too much noise in the world, society is not very urgent in her claims. This may not be true where society is studiously avoided. It is not in the nature of the mass of mankind to indulge in isolation. When properly regulated, society has her charms, and her demands are neither excessive nor burdensome. Whatever society may require of any individual, man or woman, it is always wise for each to determine how far it is safe or prudent to accede to her mandates. One has said, "Do not court society; she has too many suitors. She cannot be true to all." The best and purest society, where the virtues are cultivated, is the home where the parents are loving, kind, affectionate and righteous, and who, by precept and example, rear their children in wisdom's ways. There is the companionship that secures health, pleasure and prosperity, whose influence is felt and acknowledged by all who mingle with them. If there must be companionship, seek it at the family fireside. The members of every household, if well regulated by exemplary parents, ought to be able to obtain the very best company in their own home circle. If this cannot be done, care should be taken to discover the cause, and when revealed, the remedy applied without delay. If it be within the home that the fault lies, eradicate it in such a manner as will be effective and permanent. If it be without, banish it; if it be a want to be supplied, or the exercise of self-denial where it will be productive of good, make the sacrifice in the interest of the family and the welfare of the children. If anything disturbs the peace and harmony of the home, ascertain the cause, and without delay remove it. Make no revelation of such matters to the outside world, for in its austerity and uncharitableness it will afford no balm to domestic sufferers. Do not, in any extremity, appeal to society for relief, for she is sure to pass by on the other side without so much as a glance at a stricken supplicant for comfort and consolation. Society cares nothing for any, only so far as they can contribute to her amusement and support. If this cannot be done, expect no sympathy. Regard the home as primary and paramount, and society as secondary, and with the proper observance of the obligations connected with each, the result will be satisfactory and compensatory.

Choose the Best.

There is a rule of life applicable to all circumstances which embodies itself in a habit of choosing the best—the best of its kind. It bears upon both things material and things intellectual. In food, the best is always the cheapest. So in dress; the best of the kind is that which wears best, and which secures convenience and comfort, and satisfies good taste. All these ends can be gained at a moderate cost, yet people gladly pay double, or even ten times the amount, for food and clothing that answer no such purpose, and, therefore, cannot be the best of their kind. Our dwellings, with all their appurtenances, are intended for shelter, privacy, safety, convenience, family life and social pleasure. The best of the kind completely supply these needs, yet they are not necessarily the most expensive, nor are these ends always first in view in their selection. It is not generally because people cannot afford it that they do not, in their purchases, procure the best of the kind, but rather because they are not intelligent enough or wise enough to know in what the best consists. If they fail, however often, to secure that which is the best of its kind, they fail equally to give out from within the best that is in them. As a nation, Americans are hard workers, but many things prevent their work from being of the best. Some sacrifice quality to quantity. They fancy that by hurrying and driving, and devoting every waking moment to business, they are doing their best. But the truth is, that the best work is never reached in this way. It demands a freshness and vigor that can only be gained by seasonable rest and recreation; a calmness of mind that is incompatible with constant hurry; a thoroughness in detail that cannot be secured without system and deliberation. The strained effort to do too much is one cause of the large amount of slipshod, inefficient work that all deplore, yet accept. No one can give his best until he has learned what to lay aside, as well as what to do. Others fail to give their best by attempting to do what is beyond them. They might have succeeded well and done the world good service in one direction, but, scorning this, they are doing poor work, which neither benefits others nor reflects honor upon themselves in some other line. Thus, a first-rate builder who is needed in the community is sacrificed to make a third-rate architect, who is comparatively valueless. Men who might have made their mark as mechanics, become inferior business men, or others who have a talent for commercial pursuits spoil their value by rushing into professions or politics. Just as one seeking health does not inquire what intensity in heat or cold he can possibly endure and live, but rather seeks for the most favorable climate in which his physical functions can do their best work, so in choosing life-employment men should inquire, not what branch they can possibly push themselves into by straining every nerve, but in which one they can do the best work and develop their powers in the best manner. In discussing building materials, Ruskin says: "If you cannot afford marble, use stone, but from the best bed; and if not stone, brick, but the best bricks, preferring always what is good of a lower order of material to what is bad of a higher, for this is not only the way to improve every kind of work, and to put every kind of material to better use, but it is more honest and unpretending, and is in harmony with other just, upright and manly principles." The same advice is sound in all the affairs of life. Let both demand and supply unite in requiring and furnishing the best of everything of its kind, then both progress and happiness will be based on the surest foundations.

THERE is all the difference in the world between longing for something which time alone can bring, and looking forward to an end which we are going to consummate or prepare for by our own efforts. The one protracts the intervening hours, the other shortens them. The child anticipates the holiday, and thinks it will never come. The young man longs to attain his majority, and the months that elapse seem years. We watch the return of an absent friend, and each minute grows longer than the last. But, if we can work while we wait, and so expedite the end in view, or prepare the way for it, the impression of length is removed. True patience is not inactivity, it is not sitting still and watching the clock, but using the energies in the intervening time to the best advantage. Let the child be interested in some pleasant preparation for his holiday; let the young man be eagerly fitting himself for the new duties he is to assume; let the watcher use his waiting moments in sketching some agreeable plan for his friend's welcome, and the time will move with its accustomed celerity.

THE extensive diffusion of the principle of freedom of thought among us is an inestimable blessing; yet we need to realize that this, like all other freedom, imposes an additional obligation upon the individual conscience. If we are no longer asked to submit our beliefs to the dictum of another in matters of religion, or government, or literary criticism, or scientific conclusions, or social observances, or anything else, it is all the more incumbent upon us honestly and earnestly to seek after the truth for ourselves. If no one has the right to censure us for our opinions, whatever they may be, we have a consequent duty of self-scrutiny to find out how and why we came to believe thus and so, whether our motives were pure, and our grounds sufficient. And, if our time and powers are too limited for the close investigation of many subjects, we may at least learn more modesty in assertion, and more kindly toleration for the mistakes of others.

PEOPLE flatter us, because they can depend on our credulity.

The World's Happenings.

Berlin hotels are using paper plates.

There are thirteen Londons in this country.

You Bet is the name of a Pacific coast town.

Ants will rarely cross a heavy chalk mark.

One-third of all the banking done in the world is done in England.

Nearly 5,000 patents have been granted in this country for churns.

Deaf mutes will hold a convention in Petersborough, N. H., in October.

Pugs cost their owners $2 and $3 a week for board at some of the summer resort hotels.

Greenlanders, it is said, live in the hope of a warm heaven and a cold place for the wicked.

Los Angelos, Cal., has a watermelon weighing 178 pounds, which is to be sent to London, Eng.

It is said, on the authority of a druggist, that a half cent's worth of aloes makes 25 cents worth of pills.

Pittsburg, Pa., turns out 84,000,000 bottles and vials every year, besides 42,000,000 lamp-chimneys.

Two tons of gold, worth $1,400,000, are lost every year from the wear and tear of commerce and personal use.

Fifteen million horses are now owned in America, and more than 1,000,000 a year must be bred to keep up the supply.

Grant and Lee are the names which Mr. Jacob C. Brasher, City Judge of Hopkinsville, Ky., has conferred on his twin sons.

An election for the champion liar is to be held at Giles, Arizona, and the successful candidate is to get a medal and a serenade.

It is proposed in Boston, by way of stimulating church-going, to substitute for the pew an arm-chair of the palace-car style.

A couple residing in Salisbury, Md., have named their baby boy Neptune, because they became engaged while on a sailing excursion.

A license for the seventeenth saloon in a single block, on Avenue C, New York, was granted by the Excise Commissioners last week.

A sore on his finger is mentioned as the medium through which a Riverton, L. I., farmer recently contracted glanders from his horse.

A young man who sweats only on one side of his face, no matter how hot the weather may be, has been discovered by a Georgia paper.

Gardiner, Me., is excited by a murder, which is the second ever committed there, the other being the deed of a crazy man as far back as 1778.

Paper pulp is now molded into spokes for carriage and wagon wheels, and is said to be superior to wood in every respect, and much cheaper and easier made.

A Lowell, Mass., individual tried to exchange his baby for "one good, square drink," the other day. The barkeeper put the unnatural father out of the place.

It is estimated that foreign capitalists hold in large tracts about 25,000,000 acres of Western land. That is 36,000 square miles, or an area nearly as large as the State of Indiana.

The chimney of a manufactory in Breslau, about fifty feet high, is made of pressed paper, a substance which, it is remarked, has almost perfect powers of resistance to fire.

The colored people have three well-organized colleges in Atlanta, and are building a fourth. One thousand young negroes attended the three colleges during the last term.

In Brazil there are at least six cannibal tribes and others whose custom it is for mothers to eat their dead children, pounding up the bones with maize, the mourning lasting till all is consumed.

A bottle of cough mixture instead of sherry wine was unthinkingly used by a Bridgeport, Conn., woman, recently, in making a cake, which was eaten by several of her friends with a great relish.

The contract for washing the towels of the Treasury Department has just been let at forty cents a hundred. Last year the washing bill, at thirty cents a dozen, or $2.50 a hundred, amounted to $4,163.

Several children in Louisville, Ky., are reported to have been made seriously ill by eating ice which had been used on a dead body, and was thrown into the street by undertakers, where the little ones found it.

Palatka, Fla., claims to have the laziest negroes in the country, living in the summer on melons and catfish, and securing these latter by the ingenious device of tying a line to a dog's hind leg, and kicking him when a bite is noticed.

A good wig of white hair, says a tonsorial artist, costs about $40, but—and this is a secret of the trade and can only be told in whispers—the material of which these wigs are made is clipped from the festive goat, and never from the human head.

According to an observant hotel-keeper at Newton, N. J., the drummer who is working on commission always carries his own sample-case when going his rounds among the merchants, whereas the salaried commercial traveler hires a porter to tote them.

A dandelion produces about 12,000 seeds to each plant; shepherd's purse, 37,800; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; the common thistle, 85,536; chamomile, 15,820; butter weed, 8,527; rag weed, 4,368; common purslane, 352,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 30,033.

A topic of discussion in Boston is as to whether a person, when riding in an open street-car, should move away from the end seat so that a newcomer may not be obliged to squeeze past. It is held to be selfish for a man to cling to such a seat throughout a long ride, while ladies in spotless gowns push past him in and out. "Move up!" is the cry.

THE BOOK.

BY M. S. F.

Across its leaves the twilight falls;
Outside, the loud-voiced tempest calls:
And I, within, have quite forgot
The words that are—the hand that's not!
Time's rear-piled barriers fall aside—
Down sunny hills mailed warriors ride—
And, by the blue lake's sedgy hem,
Shy eyes, and bright, look love at them;
And—

It is gone! The sky is lead!
The warriors? They are centuries dead!
The hill is drear with drifting snow,
The weary eyes closed long ago!
But, longer than the poet's heart,
Lives on the magic of his art;
His hand gives valor back its sword,
Through deathless eyes love's light is poured,
And, be it sun, or be it snow,
Be it to-day, or long ago,
When on a tomb he lays his wreath,
The dead stir in their shrouds beneath;
They in his fame have deathless part—
Their deeds immortal, through his art.

All's Lost.

BY B. PEYTON WARD.

I POSSESSED at one time the reputation of being the cleverest doctor in my native town of Heidelberg.

How far I deserved this it does not become me to say. Nothing commands success like success—and so it was with me.

I married a beautiful woman, amassed a large fortune, and at a comparatively early age found myself in a position to retire from the profession, and enjoy a life of luxuriant ease.

In course of time, however, a great trouble fell upon me, which was the death of my wife, to whom I had ever been most sincerely attached.

So great a trial was her loss to me that I do not believe I could have supported it had it not been for my daughter Elsa.

For her sake I felt life was still worth something; and for her sake I strove with all my might to conquer the terrible sorrow which threatened to overwhelm me.

Elsa was my only child, and my lost wife seemed ever before me when I looked upon her.

She was very beautiful; tall and slender, white as a lily, with large blue eyes full of expression, and hair which looked the color of gold when the light fell upon it.

I gloried in her loveliness to a most foolish extent.

If anyone had told me then that my pride of her was greater than my love, I should have laughed the idea to scorn. Yet such, in reality was the case.

Two years went by, and Elsa was nineteen.

She had already had suitors in plenty; but not one of these had I considered worthy to possess her hand.

I was desirous that she should make a great match.

I was a rich man, and could give her a handsome dowry, and in return for her beauty and wealth I looked for rank and position.

It was not long before such an opportunity occurred.

The Count von Eldenberg, who belonged to one of the noblest families, and held a high position at Court, became captivated by Elsa's beauty and grace, and shortly after demanded her of me in marriage.

This was what I so coveted for my lovely daughter—an aristocratic name—and I gave the desired permission joyfully.

But what was my indignation and surprise when, upon representing to Elsa the good fortune in store for her, she absolutely refused to accept the offer of the Count.

I entreated—threatened—all in vain.

Death, she asserted, would be more welcome than such a marriage.

For the first time in all my life I spoke hot and hasty words to my beloved child—for the first time parted from her in anger.

I could not conceal the truth from the Count. But I begged him to have patience.

Hereafter I felt assured that Elsa would see her folly, and learn to love him as well and as truly as he deserved.

He was deeply distressed.

Whatever happened it would be, he declared, impossible for him ever to make another woman his wife.

Meantime, I succeeded in discovering the real reason why Elsa so obstinately refused to yield to my wishes.

Her heart had been stolen by one of the several students she sometimes met at the house of her aunt, whose husband held a professorship in the principal university of the town.

His name was Walther Hartmann; he belonged to a good family, but he possessed no prospects, and had nothing in common with my beautiful daughter.

When I found this to be the truth, I was so enraged at the young man's presumption, that I sent for him, and forbade his ever speaking again to Elsa, or holding, for the future, any kind of intercourse with her. These commands, however, he firmly but respectfully refused to obey.

Elsa, he declared, would never love another man save himself—of that he was well assured.

Before Heaven they were affianced, and God's curse would rest upon me if ever I should dare to send them apart.

I interrupted him fiercely. I would not listen to his words.

In my passionate haste and anger, I expelled him from my house.

Then I again saw Elsa. It is too great a pain to me to dwell upon that scene. She wept and implored me to relent; and although I spoke cruelly and bitterly to her, she uttered no word of anger to me.

A few days after this, I heard that the Count had been summoned upon official business to Berlin, and I then resolved to take Elsa at once away from Heidelberg to Munich, where I possessed a house situated upon the outskirts of the town.

Elsa at first almost refused to accompany me; but seeing that I was inexorable, she at last yielded.

It was an unusually cold and bitter day when we started. The snow lay deep upon the ground.

Elsa shivered continually, and although she did not complain, I could see that she suffered greatly from the biting north-east wind from which I found it impossible to shield her at the different stations where we had to change carriages.

We were a long time on the way, and when at last we arrived at our destination it was in the middle of the night.

From the baleful effects of this enforced journey—oh! think of it!—my beautiful Elsa—my darling—never recovered!

She was seized almost immediately with a fatal illness, and in spite of all the skill of the city—in spite of my own, and of my care—she died!

All along I deceived myself. I would not realize that she was so near death.

She would yet live to become the Count Von Eldenberg's beautiful bride, live yet to bring honor upon my name.

Heaven above forgive my selfishness! To think such thoughts should have been mine as I sat by her dying bed!

The night before the end came she asked for *him*.

"I am dying, dear father!" she said, earnestly; "send for dear Walther, that he may kiss me for the last time."

But I—I refused her prayer, and she, poor girl, had never again strength to repeat it.

When, the next day, I looked upon her dead face, God knew how I repented my cruelty! I cannot linger here. What I suffered then I merited justly.

A changed man, I left that darkened room. Oh, what was all the world's honor worth in comparison to that precious heart now stilled for ever?

Five days after the funeral, I read in one of the Heidelberg newspapers the following paragraph:—

"This morning, upon the terrace just before the Sprung Tower in the Castle ground, Herr Walther Hartmann, a young student here, shot himself with a revolver; the bullet penetrated the brain, and death was instantaneous. The cause of the deed has not transpired, but the mournful event has cast quite a gloom over the town. Herr Hartmann held a high position in his university, and was only twenty-three years of age."

The paper fell from my hand. Not only had I to answer for my child's death, but for his also. How I passed the long hours of that day I can tell no one. I wandered from place to place. My guilt oppressed me so terribly, I shunned the gaze of my fellow-man; but I felt I could not quit the streets. The loneliness of the forest would be yet more horrible to me.

When at last I returned to my solitary home, I endeavored, as I sat eating my evening meal, to console myself by thinking how many a man had acted as I had done in too great zeal to secure the happiness of a beloved child, and suffered as I also suffered now.

I almost succeeded in quieting my troubled mind. I had wished to make my daughter happy, and I had been so unfortunate as to have sacrificed her life in the attempt. This was misery indeed—misery sufficient. But it was consolation beyond expression to feel myself innocent of any other motive of causing her death.

It was not out of any selfish pride or hatred of the man who had perished so wretchedly that I had acted as I had, but only out of a true and honest wish to make my sweet daughter happy.

Was I answerable for this? Nay; I was surely deserving of the world's profoundest pity, not of its hatred and contempt.

I drew my chair nearer to the stove, and drank two or three glasses of red wine.

The evening was very still, and a strange silence seemed to reign throughout the house.

Although I had managed to calm my tortured conscience, I felt restless and almost uneasy. An undefinable sort of sensation seemed to oppress me. I started at every sound.

It seemed to me as if I was not alone—as if someone besides myself was present in the room.

I cast continually anxious furtive glances around.

I did not know what I feared, nor what I expected to meet my gaze.

I saw nothing.

The lights were burning brilliantly, and lit up, I knew, the portrait of my lost Elsa, but upon that I felt, somehow, I dared not look.

I took another glass of wine. It was not a heavy, but light Burgundy: and, leaning back in my chair, I closed my eyes.

I could not say for certain whether I fell asleep or not. The probability, however, is that I did, for when I again opened my eyes the apartment was half shrouded in darkness, and an icy atmosphere prevaded it.

I shivered, and raised my head slightly.

I started with surprise.

Somebody, surrounded by a strong bluish, whitish light, was sitting at the table exactly opposite to me!

My heart's blood froze within me. The form was that of the young man, Walther Hartmann, of whose tragical death I had read that morning.

The face was deadly pale, and blood was oozing from an open wound in the forehead, which had stained the shirt and the gray suit of clothes.

The eyes were open, and were fixed upon me with an awful expression impossible to describe; and the lips seemed to move, as if they uttered words, though no audible sound escaped them.

Terror forbade my calling my servant, or stretching out my hand to touch the little alarm-bell which stood on a small table by my side.

I saw before me a man risen from the dead—this I knew only too perfectly well.

I was both speechless and powerless from fear.

I absolutely shook with horror. I felt I could not breathe.

I had left a book open upon the table—a translation of Shakspeare.

I noticed now that one of the fingers of the dead man rested upon a page of the volume, as if desirous of drawing my attention to some words printed there.

It is surprising that in my awful fear I should have observed this, for I dared not move hand or foot. I felt like one spell-bound.

I feared even to close my eyes. I kept them fixed upon the horrible thing—not from choice, but from sheer inability to withdraw them.

How many minutes went by I know not. To me the time seemed long, long hours of awful torture!

At length the form seemed to move slightly, I fairly gasped for breath—and, oh, horror! it stretched out its hand, stained with blood, towards me!

I could bear it no longer. A mist came before my eyes, the room seemed to fade away, and from that moment I remember nothing more.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying upon the bed in my own sleeping apartment, the sunlight streaming in as it had not done for weeks now through the doubled-closed windows.

It was with a feeling of unutterable relief that I looked around, and realized that the darkness of the night was past, and that I was no longer in that room.

I called my servant, and questioning him learnt that I had roused the whole household by uttering a fearful cry, and that upon entering the library they had found me lying on the floor in an unconscious state, upon which they had carried me to bed, and summoned medical aid.

He pointed towards the doctor, who at that moment entered the room.

This gentleman was not very well known to me, but I knew that he possessed abilities of a very high order, and as a last resource, I had called him to the dying bed of my dear Elsa.

He now declared that I was suffering from some severe mental shock—so severe, indeed, that he would not answer for the consequences unless I immediately quitted Munich, where I had, he was aware, lately endured so much trouble.

He advised me to set out for some fresh country. I was in a highly nervous state, and change of scene was imperatively necessary for me.

All this I knew to be perfectly true.

I did not speak to him of what I had seen. I resolved to withhold this jealousy from the knowledge of the world, not so much from a wish to keep it secret, as from a horror of speaking it—of dwelling upon it.

I would not let my faithful old servant Gustave, leave my side; not for one moment would I be left alone.

I endeavored to make myself believe that this had been but a dream, the result of weakness and a heated brain.

I even tried to persuade myself that I had taken an overdose of wine, and that I had imagined the hideous thing which had so terrified me.

I was not the strong man I had been once.

I was not the strong man I had been once; grief had weakened my powers, and shattered my intellect.

I resolved now to leave Munich, and sell my home with most of its effects, and return to Heidelberg.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I began to make the necessary preparations for the journey.

While thus engaged, I entered the library for the first time since that terrible night.

I should not have done this, perhaps, but I wished to superintend personally the removal of my unfortunate daughter's portrait.

I was just about to quit the room, when my eyes fell by chance upon the volume which I remembered had lain upon the table when that awful thing had appeared.

It still remained open, for I had issued orders that nothing should be disturbed in this apartment until I had given the necessary directions for the disposal of the things.

Now, as I looked, the color forsook my cheeks, and I trembled like an aspen leaf. The page was out of the play, "Richard the Third."

As if by fatality, these words met my gaze—"Despair and die!"

I should have thought nothing of this had it not been for the red patch which lay beneath the words—just such a mark as might be made by the impress of a man's finger.

I grasped the arm of the old servant, and bade him lead me from the room.

All hope vanished from my mind at that moment. It had not been a dream; it was an awful, terrible reality.

The soul of the injured Walther had come from the grave to bid me despair and die!

Months have passed by since I have left Munich and returned to Heidelberg.

I have done all in my power to repair the miserable past. I have brought the dead body of my daughter here, and buried her by the side of the man she loved so dearly. I have raised a handsome monument to each. I have spent thousands and thousands upon these.

What mockery!

As if it were possible to repair in death the terrible wrong I did them in life!

And so the weary time passes.

I have become a confirmed invalid. None of my physicians understand the nature of my malady.

It is whispered, I know, among them that I am no longer answerable for my actions; and they watch me lest I should make away with my miserable existence.

But though I have lost all happiness, all hope in this world, I will not shatter it by my own act. I have sinned enough.

It is a just punishment that I should die slowly of despair.

The Betrothed.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE Empress and her daughter stood together; alike, singularly alike, as they were, in height, in the same high, finely-cut features, and the same clear blue eyes, the same fair Saxon complexion; yet the likeness, which seemed so strong at the first look, became almost a contrast as that look was prolonged into observation. It was not the difference of age, for the mother's eyes was as bright, and her cheeks as rich in color, as her daughter's; but the sweetness which was in Maria Theresa's smile only, was in every line of the Archduchess's face.

The azure depths of the eyes, in one mirrored every thought and every feeling; those of the other expressed but what they chose should appear.

Each had the same fair broad forehead; but in the elder one a slight contraction of the brow had become habitual.

Both stepped with the stately bearing of a noble race; but Maria Theresa moved as if over the neck of a prostrate world, while Josepha seemed as if she would have turned aside rather than crush the meanest worm in her path.

Both were splendidly dressed—the young Princess as a bride; the diamond tiara was surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers, the white velvet train embroidered with pearls, and a veil of silver tissue fell almost to her feet.

The bright and gay appearance of the Archduchess was little in unison with the rest of the scene.

The huge and dark chamber was hung with crimson damask, worked with gold; but the gold had been long tarnished, and the brilliancy had passed away from the crimson.

Portraits in massive frames, the gilding as dim as the colors, covered the walls. Most of them were garbed in black velvet, according to the Spanish taste, and the heavy brow and thick lip all bespoke their Austrian descent.

At the upper end of the room was a purple canopy, which had been raised over a temporary altar; towards this the Empress led her daughter, and the shadow of the canopy fell dark upon the young bride. A small group gathered round—staid, grave-looking men—who, whatever of fierce passion might be in the heart, had long banished all betrayal of it from the face.

The face of the Emperor, who, till summoned to give his daughter's hand, stood in the background, was the only one that had sight of the expression of humanity, and that expression was only of its weakness.

But where was the bridegroom?

Miles and miles away,

The royal lover wooed by an envoy, and wins by a treaty.

In his place his ambassador stood forth, an aged nobleman, who, having spent a whole life in the observance of forms, held them to be the highest attributes of human nature.

The ceremony proceeded, and at its close the ambassador dropped on his knees, and kissed the hand of the Duchess of Parma. Josepha turned, and would have knelt to her mother, but this the Empress prevented, and, folding her in her arms pressed her lips to her brow, and wished her many years of happiness.

Very ungracefully, but very affectionately, the Emperor pressed forward. By this time he had forgotten all the advantages of the alliance, and everything but that he was about to lose his favorite child.

Maria Theresa evidently endured this display very impatiently; her husband met her eye, and with that species of experience which must be peculiarly adapted to fools, for it is they who are said to learn by it, read its meaning, and shrank back into silence and himself.

The Marquis di Placentia now gave a signal to an attendant, and a page stepped forward with a casket; its contents the ambassador again knelt to offer to his new sovereign. It was a portrait of the Duke of Parma, fastened to a chain of brilliants. The Empress herself took the picture, and placed it round her daughter's neck.

A collation was spread in the adjoining room, and thither the party adjourned. Many others of the Court were now admitted to offer their congratulations, and it was late in the day before the Duchess of Parma could be permitted to retire.

Weary with fatigue, and oppressed by heat, Josepha gladly withdrew to her own

chamber. Summoning her attendants, she hastened to put off her cumbrous dress.

"I will put on my canoness' robe," said the Duchess—a costume frequently worn both by herself and sister.

"Nay," exclaimed Pauline, a favorite attendant; "not black upon your wedding-day; it is so very unlucky!"

The Princess persisted; and after helping her on with the loose black silk robe, at her command, Pauline withdrew.

Josepha seated herself by the open casement, and for the first time, gazed on the miniature she wore.

The Duke's face was one of uncommon beauty and intelligence.

The bride felt a sense of happiness and security steal over her as she watched the open and kindly meaning of the eyes, that seemed to answer to her own. Perhaps, too, the outward influences of the lovely evening-time might give something of their own soothing sweetness.

The air came through the window with the odors of the garden below and the freshness of the dews above, for the heat was melting in a gentle rain.

Suddenly a strain of music floated upon the air. It was from a band; a slow and beautiful Italian air.

There were words belonging to the song. Josepha knew them; they spoke of passionate and happy love. She blushed as she glanced at the portrait, and then leaned back, half to listen to the distant tones, and half to dream of the future, as the young dream when hope prophecies by the imagination. She was yet lost in fantasies so vivid that truth itself seemed not so actual, when the door of her apartment slowly opened, and she started from her seat in wonder to see the Empress.

Maria Theresa was cold and haughty in her general manner; one, too, who brooked not that her will should meet with question, much less opposition.

Little marvel was it, therefore, that her child rose with an attitude rather of deference than of affection.

But her mother's manner was kind even to softness; and when Josepha drew forward the large arm-chair, she refused it and, gently taking her daughter's hand, placed herself too in the window-seat.

"The books are Italian, and the music I hear in the distance is Italian. Ah, my child, even now you are striving to forget us! Alas! our station too much separates those gentle ties which in lowlier life, bind so closely. How often must I even to you, my own beloved girl, have seemed stern and severe; for I know a life of anxiety and struggle leaves its own harshness behind. But when, Josepha, in another country you think of your mother, remember with what difficulties that mother has had to contend."

Josepha's only answer was to catch the hand, now placed caressingly amid her beautiful hair, and to cover it with kisses—ay, also tears.

"A parting like ours," resumed the Empress, "is like one beside the grave; let it be all in love and charity. Forgive me, my child, if aught of reproach you have against your mother!"

The Duchess flung herself at Maria Theresa's feet.

"Nay, forgive me, my beloved and revered parent, if ever the petulance of my age has caused me to forget the love and duty I owed. Bless me, my mother!"

"God bless you, my beloved Josepha!" said the Empress, tenderly and solemnly.

The pause of feeling in both was broken by Maria Theresa looking at the miniature of the Duke of Parma.

"I like the expression of his face; it agrees with what I have heard of his character. And yet, when I think of the distance which will be between us, I seem to dread this trusting your happiness beyond control. As yet, you know so little the dangers and the difficulties of a position like yours."

"But, my mother," said the Duchess, "surely I might be aided by your knowledge?"

"The young submit not willingly to be guided by the old. Youth has but a half experience; it has seen but the bright side, and makes no allowance for the coming shadows. How often have I known sage counsels which would have averted danger, treated not only with indifference, but even scorn."

"But not by me!" exclaimed her hearer, earnestly, "Your words will be treasured in my heart like gold."

"My dearest Josepha, I doubt your will to obey as little as I do your love; but I fear you are ill-fitted to meet all the exigencies of your novel situation. Beautiful and with a mind like yours (I have observed its powers, Josepha, more than you may deem) your influence over your husband must be, will be absolute. Think not, dearest child, that I undervalue your desire to know and follow the right; but, oh, that I could give you some of my experience!"

"Can you not, dear mother and sovereign? You know not how reverentially I should follow your advice!"

This was the very point to which the Empress wished to bring her daughter.

First kissing the beautiful face which was bent towards her in the earnestness of entreaty, she began speaking. Her natural gifts of persuasion were great; her voice mingled sweetness and firmness; and her smile—it was that for whose sake the gallant chivalry of Hungary swore to die.

At first, her listener seemed to yield the most earnest and confiding attention; gradually the eloquent countenance of the Duchess changed to surprise, wonder, doubt, and, finally, almost indignation.

"Say no more!" exclaimed Josepha, throwing herself at the Empress's feet. "Register every act, penetrate into every thought, of my husband's, to give prompt intelligence of them to the Court of Austria! Seek affection, the better to betray it! Is this, can this, be my duty to my husband, or my love——"

"Nay," interrupted her mother, repressing the indignation already darkening in her eyes, "I was not prepared for this burst of romance!"

"Madam," said the Duchess, slowly rising from her knee, "the task of a spy is no task for your daughter!"

Her figure was drawn to its utmost height, her brow was contracted. The likeness between herself and her mother was stronger than ever, and in that likeness Maria Theresa saw an end to her well-laid scheme of making the bride of the Duke of Parma a tool in her hands.

"Truly," said she, with a scornful smile, "this ducal coronet has turned your head! Wilful and disobedient! We speak on this subject no more."

"Not in anger, my mother," exclaimed Josepha, striving to detain her—"not in anger must you part from me!"

Coldly the Empress disengaged her hand; their eyes met, and the young Princess staggered back at the stern and deadly resentment in the pale face of Maria Theresa, and sank on the window-seat.

"It is broken," said Josepha, faintly, as the chain to which hung the portrait of the Duke of Parma fell in glittering fragments at her side.

It had caught to the Empress's dress and was shattered.

The young Duchess leaned against the casement, and wept.

To the young it is a very bitter pang to know that their best feelings have been excited merely to be worked upon; but sorrow and shame were soon merged in a vague and terrible fear.

The evening came on, and deepened into night; still amid the shadows did Josepha fancy she could see the threatening brow of the Empress, pale with anger.

Solitude became insupportable, and she called her attendants; but human faces and human voices, the cheerfulness of the lights or even her favorite Pauline's bird-like song, were of no avail against the terror which every moment seemed to weigh more heavily on her spirits.

With hurried, and yet timid steps, starting, though she knew not why, at the least noise, Josepha began to pace the room.

A low rap at the door interrupted her walk, and the confessor of the Empress entered the apartment.

Martini's features were chiselled with the perfection of sculpture, and his high brow bore the impress of mental power and thought far beyond his years, which were yet in their summer; his step was soft and humble; his voice low and sweet; yet fear was the sensation he always inspired.

No one ever met his cold and cruel eye, so calm, so colorless, without saying, "That man delights in human misery!"

He approached the Duchess, and said, as he looked at her black dress, "I rejoice to see, my daughter, you have not waited for me to remind you of the pious duty to-night calls upon you to fulfil."

"What do you mean, father?" said the Princess, faintly. "I changed my dress on account of the heat."

"I had hoped, my daughter, it was in voluntary humiliation; ill do the gay robes of the bride suit with the meek prayers to be offered in the presence of the dead."

"I pray you speak your meaning at once!"

And Josepha grew pale as marble.

"Your Royal Highness knows it is your turn to watch and pray by the tomb of the Archduchess Caroline."

Josepha sank fainting against the wainscot of the room.

"The Empress will never permit it!" cried Pauline, as she sprang to support her mistress. "Why, we all know that the Duchess died of the small-pox, and not a creature will enter the chapel!"

"I have her Grace's command, who wills that so pious a duty be not neglected. I am sent by her even now to conduct the Duchess of Parma to pay the last duty of her illustrious house."

"Your father—appeal to him," whispered the girl; "but I know that will be of no avail. I conjure you, see your mother yourself!"

"I have seen her," said the Duchess. "We parted just now."

Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"I wait your Highness's pleasure to conduct you to the chapel," said Martini.

Josepha rose, and prepared to follow.

"I will go with you. At night, and alone! It is too terrible!" said the affectionate girl.

"Her Highness's vigil must be solitary. Thus it has ever been," replied the priest.

Josepha descended to the chapel. Her attendants accompanied her to the door. As it opened, it showed the thick, hot atmosphere, through which the dim tapers seemed scarcely able to penetrate.

The Duchess turned round and embraced Pauline, and entered the chapel. They saw her kneel before the alter, and the doors were closed.

Late in the night was it before the royal council broke up. Then, not till then, did Pauline succeed in conveying the intelligence to the Emperor that his favorite daughter had passed the night beside the infectious tomb of her cousin. He rushed himself to the chapel; and there was the Duchess, as they had left her, kneeling before the alter, and her face bowed in prayer.

She had fallen a little forward, so that the steps supported her. They spoke, but she answered not. They raised her in their arms, but found she was dead.

An Ohio man has patented a practical thinking machine. It will automatically compute the cost of any number of ounces, pounds or tons, at any given price whatever.

The Phantom Fiddler.

BY E. M. DAVY.

My uncle, Mr. Sommerton, was agent to the eccentric Lord Beeragh, and, during his life, resided in Beeragh Castle, a magnificent old mansion, overlooking Beeragh lake, far away in the wilds of West Connaught.

When Lord Beeragh died, uncle quitted the castle, taking up his abode in Beeragh Lodge, a much smaller residence on the opposite shore of the lake.

It is a very curious house. Built in what had been a vast quarry, the front apartments and entrance-hall towered high above the humbler portion inhabited by uncle and aunt.

The larger reception-rooms were seldom used. They were fitted up in a style of old-world grandeur, which did not at all agree with uncle and aunt's quiet ways.

Over these fine rooms arose a most curious erection—a vast saloon extending from end to end of the building, almost altogether composed of glass; a huge cupola towering in the centre of the roof, catching every ray of light from all quarters of the sky.

Once this curious apartment had been gorgeous with paint and gilding, but the gold was tarnished, the brilliant colors were faded to poor stains.

The windows opened upon a wide balcony, which overlooked the most superb view I ever beheld.

The only means of approach to this strange structure was up a flight of steps outside the house. Few people seemed to care for disturbing its unbroken solitude.

It was winter time, and the house full of merry young people, and, as the rooms in daily use were too small to contain us all, uncle, with a reluctance I was slow to comprehend, granted us permission to use the larger apartments.

Despite their splendor, they were grim and gloomy, but we were all young and exceedingly gay in those days, and we filled them with merry laughter and joyous music from early morning until long after midnight.

But with one consent we all avoided the library, because of a picture which hung there. It was a magnificent portrait of the last Baron Beeragh, uncle to the first Earl, and great-grand-uncle to the present owner of the title.

He must have been a man of singular personal beauty, but with an expression so peculiar that I could not bear to look at his painted semblance on the library wall. Certainly I have never seen a picture which possessed such influence over me. I never went into that room, if I could by any means avoid doing so.

The winter was one of unexampled severity, but we young folks rejoiced over the delightful sport offered by the far stretching frozen lake, and our whole days—and, indeed, sometimes a few hours of the lovely moonlit nights—were spent on its smooth glittering surface. One night we had an open-air dance, and it was upon our return home from it that the first of the unaccountable things which took place at the lodge occurred.

My brother Walter and I were the last to leave the lake. As we emerged from the thick fir-woods which separated the house from the water's edge, we paused. The sight which met our startled view arrested our steps, and held us spellbound.

The wide windows of the saloon were all ablaze with unearthly light—not the red glare of fire, but a hard, clear radiance like the electric light of to-day, the glass cupola white against the darkness beyond.

Walter threw his arm around me, and for a breathless moment or two we stood terror-stricken. Then, just as a lightning-flash leaps into darkness, and is gone, the weird illumination vanished, and the house lay black against the starlit sky.

I scarcely remember anything more until I found myself in my own room. I had not the spirit to join the merry party at supper. Tired out and greatly puzzled as to the reason of what I had seen, I went to bed. Being young and very tired, I soon forgot it, and fell asleep.

When I awoke my fire had burned low. Outside, through the profound windless hush of a night of intense frost, I heard a clock strike. As the sound died on the still night air another took its place. I started up and listened. Softly, clearly through the death-like silence stole a sound of music. At first a faint, far-off trill like the song of a lark high in the heavens; then coming nearer, growing louder and louder, as if close at hand.

It was exquisitely sweet and plaintive, and thrilled me from head to foot. I could not distinguish anything like it. The only thing to which I could compare the sound was a sweet jangle of birds' songs on a spring morning.

I sat up in bed to listen, there was something so weird and unearthly in the music. What could it mean? Which of uncle's guests was so devoted to violin playing as to wander about the house, practising intricate exercises at the dead of night, and with the thermometer ten degrees below zero? And then, did any of them possess so complete a mastery over that most difficult of instruments? There were wild cadences, runs, shakes, trills, which only a skilled performer could accomplish.

As if the unknown violin-player knew of the one listener to his wild harmonies, the music seemed to pause over my head, glide past my window, and sink lower, lower, until at last it reached my ears dulled and muffled from the lower rooms; then it ceased.

The house was astir before I slept.

* * * * * *

"Which of you gentlemen serenaded us last night?" asked Ethel Saunderson, one of our guests, at breakfast next morning.

Aunt looked up, a scared, pained expression on her face. Uncle left the table.

Ethel saw something was amiss; she said no more.

As we separated after breakfast, aunt touched my arm.

"Come to my room," she said.

I followed her.

"Don't say anything about—about the noise you heard—the—the wind made through the lattice-work of the balcony last night," she said. "Ethel heard it, and I saw by your face you heard it, too. Your uncle does not like to hear it spoken of."

"The wind, Aunt Alice?" I cried. "Why there was not a breath of air; and what I heard was a violin most beautifully played."

"I will not argue with you child," aunt said. "All I ask of you is not to speak of it before your uncle. He does not care to hear it spoken about."

"Won't you tell me why I am not to mention it?" I asked eagerly.

"No," she said decidedly. "I never asked your uncle his reasons for any injunction he lays upon me; and I expect the same from you."

So she left me, much puzzled and a little indignant.

Aunt's boudoir was on on the bedroom corridor, therefore, as I stood at the top of the V-staircase in the centre of the house, I was on a level with the hall. As I quitted her room I saw the slender figure of a man in a dark dress cross the wide hall from the library to the drawing-room.

At the same moment my youngest brother, Hugh and Tom Sanderson entered the hall.

I ran down one flight of stairs and up the other to meet them.

"Hugh—Hugh, who was that went into the drawing-room this moment?" I cried.

"Why, no one," Hugh answered. "All the men are down on the ice—Tom and I came back to find out what was keeping you girls."

"But," I insisted, "someone—some man went into the drawing-room as you came through the door. You must have noticed him, unless you were blind."

"I saw no one," Tom Sanderson said.

"Nor I," Hugh responded.

"I must see," I cried. And followed by the young men, I dashed into the big, chill room.

Now, they say—those two boys—that I must have been dreaming while it was broad daylight; but so surely as I saw anything in that room—the fire on the hearth, the frosty sunlight streaming into the conservatory—I saw a man in a peculiar dress, with a violin in his hand, standing beside the grand piano.

As I ran into the room, his eyes met mine with a look which seemed most strangely familiar. The finely-cut features were deathly pale. The hand which held the violin with a practised clasp gleamed white and shining from the ruffle which fell over the wrist.

For one breathless second it stood still, then bowed low and then drew back into the conservatory.

I reeled round, and would have fallen. Hugh caught me.

"Well, you are a queer girl!" he cried. "You look as if you had seen——"

"Oh, hush—hush!" I gasped out. "It hears you! Look, it has turned! Oh, Hugh, don't let Tom follow!"

For Tom Sanderson had run into the conservatory, and was close to the figure, which I saw plainly moving amongst the flowers towards the door leading to the steps.

"Call him back! Tell him not to follow it!" I pleaded.

"Follow what?" Hugh asked almost angrily. "You are dreaming, Annie."

"No, no, no! See!" I cried. "He has just passed out of the door. He is going up the steps. Oh, Tom, come back—come back!"

Dark against the red winter sunshine, I saw the slender figure slowly mount the crazy steps, and disappear. With my hand grasping Hugh's arm I tottered into the conservatory, and reached the outer door. It was locked.

"Why, Annie, you have taken leave of your senses," Hugh cried as I looked helplessly into his face, with my hand upon the lock; "your young man must have been a very slender individual indeed to escape through the keyhole—ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't laugh!" I exclaimed. "I tell you I saw him as plainly as I see you this moment. I know it was something unnatural."

"Was it a ghost?" Tom Sanderson asked laughingly; "if so, he has broken through all ghostly traditions. I thought ghosts never rambled about in daylight. But come, Annie, get your hat on; we are losing time."

I did not go on the ice that day; utterly unnerved, I remained in aunt's room, hoping to have an opportunity of telling her what I had seen, and of forcing from her the legend of the house.

That night Lord Beeragh and his young sisters—who had heard of our gay doings and must needs join in them—were to be aunt's guests.

The three young people were to be housed for the night. Ethel and I gave up our rooms, and packed into aunt's boudoir for the nonce. The excitement of their arrival, the business of preparing for the dance, drove away the effects of my terror of the morning, and by the time we all assembled in the library before dinner, I was quite myself again.

I was standing by the mantelshelf talking to Lady Hester Fitzmaurice when the great double-doors of the room opened, and a tall, slender figure entered. My heart stood

still. It was the figure I had seen in the morning. The same clear-cut, delicately-beautiful features, the same air of gracious dignity, only the dress was the simple evening-dress of all the other men in the room. I saw Lady Ilester look curiously at me.

"Do you not know my brother?" she said. "Beeragh, this is Miss May—Mrs. Sommerton's niece."

The touch of his friendly hand, the sound of his pleasant voice, brought back my wandering wits; I managed to say something about the lake and the skating, and then we all went to dinner. By the time dinner was half over, Lord Beeragh and I were fast friends.

"By the way," he said, sinking his voice, "where is the wonderful picture of my ancestor of unhallowed memory, of which I have heard?"

I told him there was a picture of a Lord Beeragh in the library, but that I did not know there was any special story about it.

"Oh yes," he said; "there was a bad lord amongst us, who was supposed to have dealings with the unseen world. I think the truth about him would probably be that he was eccentric and ahead of his age. He built this house. A queer erection isn't it? He did it for a purpose—he wanted a good music-room. The only unaccountable thing about him was the manner of his departure from life, I cannot say his death, for of that no one ever had certain proofs. He simply disappeared, leaving his house full of guests, and on the eve of a great national crisis, when his party were looking to him for help and guidance. He was quite a young man, an advanced Nationalist—despite his uncanny reputation, a man of vast personal influence. It seemed an unaccountable thing he should vanish as he did."

"Was no effort made to discover any trace of his fate?" I enquired.

"Oh yes. My grand-uncle, who died a short time ago, made every enquiry, but to no purpose. There were various surmises. One of the most romantic, but I am inclined to think the most probable, was that he was mixed up with some of the numerous secret societies of Southern Europe, and that he fell into the hands of the Inquisition, either in Italy or Spain. As to his departing mysteriously and leaving his house full of guests, I regard that as altogether apocryphal. Something like the sequel of the story which you doubtless have heard."

I told him eagerly that I knew of no story at all connected with his family.

"Is it possible you have not heard of the Phantom Fiddler, who plays upon the great balcony three times a year? As this is one of his appointed seasons, I wonder he has not favored you."

Then breathlessly I told him what I had heard the previous night, and what I had seen that morning, imploring him to enlighten me as to the legend connected with the house.

With an altered look upon his face, he told me, speaking very low, so that his words reached my ears alone:

"This house has always had the reputation of being haunted by an appearance resembling Lord Beeragh. What you tell me gives a strange confirmation to the popular superstition. An accomplished musician, it was his habit to walk round that balcony outside the music-room he had erected, practising new and strange feats upon his violin. I must tell you there was an organ in that room—how they contrived to build it there who can tell? But, actually, about forty years ago, Lord Beeragh was obliged to have it taken down. No one would inhabit the house from the eerie music which sounded continually from that room. Of course it was a trick. You shake your head? I am sceptical about such matters, you see; but I will tell you the tale as 'twas told to me. They say the windows blazed with light, just as they used to flare when he and his friends held high festivity in that airy room; that, one by one, the guests depart; and then the spectre fiddler comes out of one particular window and plays, walking round and round the balcony he loved during his life; and they say that certain penalties follow the hearing of that unearthly music. Must you go? Remember the first round dance."

"Has Beeragh been talking to you about the bad lord?" Lady Eileen asked me as we passed from the dining-room to the drawing-room. "Was that the picture in the library? Do come and show it to me; I have never seen it."

We went into the great, dimly-lit room. A cold sense of a presence there beyond our own two young individualities struck chill to my heart as I crossed the threshold, but Lady Eileen did not seem to feel it. She moved gaily through the empty room, and stood fronting the strange picture.

"Why, it is the image of Beeragh," she cried, "only Beeragh has not such a dreadful expression. It is a wonderful picture, certainly, but is there not something very odd about it?"

We stood looking at the portrait for a few moments. Then Lady Eileen clasped her hands before her face.

"Oh, come away—come away! It is horrible—it is like a living thing!" she cried. "Did you not fancy the eyes glared at us, and the lips moved? Oh, do come away!"

It may have been only an effect from the shadows cast by the flickering firelight, or only our overwrought girlish imaginations, but we both saw, or fancied we saw, the eyes flash, and the red, thin lips curve at us in a smile of deadly malice.

We clutched each other, and fled.

As we left the room, we were followed by a low, mocking laugh.

It was some time before either of us recovered from the effects of our fright.

When Lord Beeragh appeared, and his sister told him our strange experience, he needs must have me show him the library and the mysterious picture; but seeing how I shrank back, terrified at the bare idea of returning to the room, he did not insist upon carrying out his intention.

Then we began to dance.

The great room had been partially cleared of furniture, and made a capital ballroom. We had a large gathering.

Not only our house-party, but every available young person in the county who could be induced to brave intense frost and the slippery state of the roads, was present, and the mirth and the dancing was fast and furious.

I had been dancing with half the men in the room, and about midnight I was waltzing for the third or fourth time with Lord Beeragh.

We had been flying round the room, and had paused for a moment's breathing-space at the door of the conservatory. He was saying something—no matter what—which caused me to look up into his face.

Just behind him, looking at me with cruel, mocking eyes over his shoulder, only separated from the light, and warmth, and life of the gay ballroom by the glass, stood the mysterious figure I had seen in the morning.

The likeness between the two faces—the Earl's full of life, young hope, joy, and manly beauty; the other such a ghastly travesty of it, with the livid pallor on the cheeks, the hard, cold glitter in the eyes—it was horrible! Most horrible!

I clutched Lord Beeragh's arm.

He looked down at me with a tender smile, which changed to an expression of unbounded surprise.

"What is it? What has alarmed you?" he asked.

I could only point, breathless, to the dark figure, the ghastly face, the glittering eyes behind him.

"Do you not see?" I gasped out.

He turned and looked.

"No," he said. "There is nothing to alarm you. You are unnerved, overstrung. Come with me."

He took my hand to draw it through his arm.

And then his whole visage changed, his eyes dilated, the healthy color forsook his cheek.

"Great Heavens! what is it? Who is it?" he cried, and dashed open the door.

If any of those who were present that night remain alive—and there must be many of them left, for there were fifty or sixty people in the room—if they choose to speak, they can substantiate what I tell, for everyone in the room heard what happened although only Lord Beeragh, Walter, and I saw that unearthly figure.

Just as in the picture—just as I had seen it in the morning. It held a violin in its hand. We saw it raise the instrument to its shoulder.

We stood spellbound.

Low and clear rang out the long-drawn and delicate notes, so low, so soft, that their sound did not reach the ears of the dancing throng within.

But then burst upon their startled ears a wild whirl of diabolic harmony, volleying out like flame amongst them, drowning the music within, checking the flying feet of dancers, curdling their blood, with such a crash of devilish, unearthly melody as I hope and pray never may reach my ears again.

There was a breathless pause in the drawing-room. Everyone stood still, too terrified to move.

For me I saw nothing but that awful form standing there amongst the bright blossoms; the face turned towards us with a look of such malignant triumph that it froze my blood; the uprised arm sending the bow flying across the strings of the instrument with such demoniac power.

But I was conscious of a stronger will than my own supporting me, helping me to bear the terror which otherwise would have crushed me.

I felt a firm hand clasping mine, a steadfast arm sustaining me, the warm pulsation of a brave heart beating close to my own, I knew I was safe.

Then I heard uncle's voice. I saw him stride into the conservatory: saw that form face him, glide past him, stand upright in the doorway with its cruel, fiendish smile, and eyes of lurid flame.

Then it seemed to melt off into nothing. I can find no other words to describe the manner of its disappearance, and still louder and fiercer, that weird, awful music rang through the room.

Uncle staggered out of the conservatory. Great beads of perspiration stood on his brow; his features were distorted with rage.

"A hundred pounds to anyone who will help me to detect this trick," he shouted.

The unearthly sound ceased, and wild through the room rang, as if in defiant reply a laugh so terrible, so demoniac, that—I remember no more.

* * * * * *

I was lying on my improvised bed in aunt's room when my senses cleared. Aunt and Lady Eileen were bending over me; and Lord Beeragh, who had borne me to this haven of rest, was standing at the door.

I cannot tell what took place that night. I remember confused noises as of hurrying feet tramping round the house. I remember sounds of voices high overhead, and flaring of torches everywhere.

I seemed to know, in some curious, intuitive fashion, that the guests were gone, and that the police from the neighboring towns were searching high and low for the perpetrators of what uncle insisted was a silly trick.

Next morning, almost at daybreak, I returned with Lord Beeragh and his sisters to the castle. Twenty-four hours afterwards I was raging in brain-fever.

They said it was that awful experience which laid me low.

For days I was unconscious, Aunt Alice nursing me with all a mother's tender tender care, and it was during my severe illness that Beeragh Lodge gave up its terrible secret.

Yet only in part, for the dark mystery which surrounds the awful discovery made in that fated house never can be cleared away.

Lord Beeragh insisted upon the house being examined under his own eye. He said the house must be taken down if no other means of discovering the secrets it contained could be found, and, room by room, they did search it mercilessly.

First, the great saloon was dismantled and taken down with no result, then the drawing-room was pulled to pieces, the hall, the dining-room. Last of all they came to the library.

Behind that terrible picture they found a great livid splotch upon the wall, and when the panelling was removed they found a—mummified form.

Those who were present and saw that unhallowed tomb give up its terrible secret never forgot the sight.

Few, alas! survived it long. There stood that awful, silent witness to a hideous crime. They said its eyes glared at them, that its shrivelled lips were contorted into a demoniac grin.

It was attired in the full court-dress of a bygone generation, a gold hilted rapier was at its side. At its feet lay some fragments of various-colored woods; in its hand hung a broken bow.

There was no mark of violence, so they all said, on the corpse, only there it stood, closed up in that horrible niche, just as it had been shut into it eighty years before.

What deed of darkness had been wrought—what foul crime perpetrated, and for what end, never can be known.

Lord Beeragh at once ordered a coffin to be prepared, and seeing the men hold back, he and Uncle Phil endeavored to remove the ghastly relic of humanity to its final resting place, but at a touch it crumbled to a heap of dust.

Such poor fragments as they could collect were gathered up, and buried in Beeragh churchyard.

And now for the sad sequel of my tale. Before the year went round there was not a man left to bear the Beeragh title.

Ah, it was hard! it was hard! His deep love, his ardent spirit had over-leaped all barriers.

In September I was to have been his wife. I bade him good-bye one bright May morning, and watched his little boat go dancing over the sunlit waters of the lough. It was an old story—a sudden squall—a moment's carelessness. At nightfall they bore him home.

For me, death would have been better than life. Oh, how often I have wished that the bad lord's curse had fallen on me, and not on him!

But I found duties to fulfil, and I grew not reconciled, but patient.

Uncle Phil caught what at first was only a slight cold, but it carried him off, and then Aunt Alice and I lived quietly together until she, too, faded away, and now, a weary, lonely woman, I am waiting.

But when we meet the time will not seem long.

WHEN "HE" STAYS OUT LATE.—People may laugh, but really, you know, he never stays out late. He is one of those men who may always be expected home at certain times; not a disputed man, you know, like Mr. Jorkens over the way—and so you feel sure there is reason to be anxious. Everyone must see that you are not foolish in feeling alarmed.

You had such a good supper ready. You thought that, perhaps, after supper he would go to that concert with you. All this comes of calculating on anything. It is almost sinful to look forward and buy gloves, and see that all is ready to put on in a hurry.

When you are not expecting anything dreadful is the very time it most frequently happens.

You have been to the parlor window so often, you go up-stairs this time, and softly lift the sash of your bedroom window and put your head out and look up the street. How the moon shines in a ghostly, solemn fashion! It's a kind of presentiment-inspiring moon, really. You stare up the street and see someone coming. It is he. No, it's too fat. Another step. No, this one is too thin. Mercy! someone with his arm tied up! An awful accident! That has kept him. No, thank Heaven it is not he! You look upward to the stars. They seem to know where he is; but catch them telling! They only wink at you.

You go down-stairs. The family ask you what is the matter. You look as cheerful as possible under the circumstances, and say, "Oh, nothing!"

You take your knitting, and a blessed mess you get it into. "Where is he? Why don't he come home?" you say to yourself; finally you go to bedroom window again, and retire from it sneezing. Nothing like thrusting one's head out of the window on a windy night for catching a good cold in the head, and a week's sneezing.

How early everybody goes to bed that night! How kindly they advise you to do the same! How you hurry them off, thinking you can worry much more comfortably alone, and how, when you are alone, the ghostly things begin! Cracks and creaks and snaps in furniture, and on the stairs, a ticking near the cornice, like the snapping of thumb and finger nails.

You lie down on the sofa; not to sleep—ah, no! merely to rest. There is a fire somewhere. Feet rush past; policemen sound their whistles; engines rattle past. What "awe-inspiring" sounds. A clock strikes; you count the strokes in silence; they tell you it is midnight; and then you burst into tears. All is over. You only await the dreadful news. You break down and weep. After a while it occurs to you that there is someone ringing at the door. You rush to it trembling.

"Who is there?" you gasp, expecting some frightful answer, such as, "Messenger with bad news."

The reply isn't strictly grammatical, but delightful—"Me, of course." And you let "me" in, and sob in his arms.

Smith came to the city yesterday, he tells you; and he wrote you a little note to say that he should spend the evening at Smith's hotel.

"What?—didn't get it? Oh!" he dives into his pocket. Yes; there it is, yet! He forgot to post it. No matter; only he's sorry to have awakened you.

Vainly you vow you were not asleep. He declares that he rung violently for half an hour; and you are too happy to quarrel about it.

M. S.

AT FIRST SIGHT.—To begin with, is there such a thing as love at first sight?

People who doubt it can hardly be said to have kept their eyes open during life. Nothing is so true that at a first introduction to anyone we "take" to him and her, as the colloquial word expresses it, or else we feel an instinctive repulsion.

Occasionally these involuntary likes and dislikes are altered on further acquaintance but in the majority of cases they will be found to be justified. Indeed, it would be a safe rule to follow, not to have too much to do with anyone against whom is experienced this intense antagonism.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to say that love at first sight—the intense love that a man feels for the woman he intends to marry—is born, full grown, in a moment. One thing however, is certain, that the seed of an affectionate liking, deepening down into perfect trust and reliance, may be sown with a single glance of a pretty pair of brown eyes, or lie cradled in a passing dimple.

It is true that this makes us very much creatures of circumstance, but no one with his wits about him would claim that we are anything else.

We were never asked where we would like to be born. Still less does fate consult us about the color of our hair, or whether we should like a nice, straight, commanding nose or a fat little ugly snub served out to half the human race.

Neither are we consulted about our estate. We might like to be born rich; but we find ourselves suddenly plumped down by the side of a basket of logs, or a sewing machine, and there we stick.

The same with the event of life—marriage which stands half-way between birth and death, and which is as important a factor in a man and a woman's existence as either.

And just as destiny blew us where we stand, a mere thistledown, the sport of the winds, so chance brings to us a fair speaking youth or maiden; and the twain take each other, go on to love each other, and let it be hoped, though it does not always happen, live happily ever after.

M. S.

A Clergyman's Remarkable Experience.

The following communication gives the history of one of a class of cases especially found among clergy, and all professional men and brain workers. The change wrought in three months, as related by Dr. Cushing, pastor of the First M.E. Church, Rochester, N. Y., (a clergyman of wide repute, whose statement will not be questioned for a moment by those who know him) is truly marvelous.

18 N. FITZHUGH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
January 11th, 1884.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

DEAR SIRS:—It is nearly four years since I first used Compound Oxygen. There are those, doubtless, who would be glad to know of its effects in a case like mine.

For fifteen years I had been carrying heavy burdens and doing very hard work. I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance, so that my work left me much exhausted. I could see that my whole nervous system was giving way; that there was a manifest lack of vital force. This was most apparent and most alarming when I went to my study. My mind was losing its grip. Sleep was insufficient, and unrefreshing.

Under these circumstances I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first I saw no result. After a time I observed my digestion was much improved. More restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a congregation of a thousand persons in the evening, and say in truth, at the close of my evening service, that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My mind has never worked better than during those four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much work, or do it with as much ease.

This is my experience, and I have much reason to be grateful for it. Sincerely,

CHARLES W. CUSHING, D. D."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 15 & 17 Arch St., Philadelphia

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE BAB.

BY PIPKIN.

WHO is this little girl, I wonder, comfortably seated, and with a great book before her, on which she looks with delight?

Her hair is tidily brushed, and her nice white collar hangs over the edge of her dress.

She is a sweet, pretty little girl, I think, and yet if I tell you the story of her day, and what had happened before she got that book, you will see that she is not so happy after all. Just hear what she was doing two or three hours before:

She stood at the window with a little white nose flattened against the glass, and two big sorrowful indignant eyes staring at them, as the merry party left the house.

There was uncle Jim, whom she did love and whom she felt might have said a kind word for her; and Aunt Anastasia, who was that sort of a person that no one since she was born had ever thought of diminishing the five syllables by the use of any shorter name given in playfulness or love.

No one, till that moment at least, had ever thought of calling her anything but Anastasia; but at that moment naughty Bab, with her little flattened nose and big mournful eyes, broke the spell by calling out.

"Anasta-sia, indeed! Aunt Nasty, I think?"

Then there was her Cousin Robert, whom poor Bab honestly believed to be a much naughtier boy than she was a girl, and yet who generally managed to keep out of scrapes; and Selina, demure and well-mannered, but whom Bab's unruly affectionate little heart had never been able to love; she was followed by Miss Strickham, the governess.

And then there was Mr. Beresford, the kind, good-natured friend who was staying in the house; and Bab, just for a minute, felt that she would rather have died than that he should know she was in disgrace.

She watched them all go off under the bright blue sky, and then she turned round, and with her back to the window, faced the rather dingy, dull-looking schoolroom, and burst into a loud roar.

For Bab was only seven years old, and had not yet lost the first intensity of crying with which power every baby is born.

She roared for two or three minutes, plenty of tears coming with the roar, after which she felt a good deal better.

"I am such a little thing to be punished," she said to herself. "I don't think they ought to punish such a little thing as I am. I must be young when people live to be as old as grandpapa, with wrinkles over every scrap of his face, till it looks just like no face at all, only wrinkles."

Then Bab examined her little round, rosy, pleasant face in a mirror over the fireplace.

"Not a single wrinkle," said she. "I must be very young; but if they punish me this way, I shall get wrinkles. I'm sure I shall, because I'm so miserable!"

I am afraid poor Bab often deserved to be punished.

She was idle at her lessons and extremely saucy, and she was a quaint little thing, so that sometimes she seemed to be impertinent when she really did not intend it, though I must own that at other times she did intend it as much as any other young lady seven years old possibly could.

On the present occasion, when her governess scolded her for her idleness, she said she had not been idle, but had been making a charade; and then she began dancing about the school-room, and jumping on tables and chairs, and all the time shouting loudly.

"Selina, guess—this is the charade—guess, Selina, guess! My first is what nobody should be, my second is what everybody should eat, and my whole is—oh,—Strickham, Strick-ham. Why don't you guess, Selina? Oh, why don't you?"

Miss Strickham marched her off in dire disgrace. The pic-nickers would be absent four hours, and during that time Bab was not to quit the schoolroom.

Maria, the housemaid, would bring her dinner, and nurse would look in on her now and then, but she was not to have the younger children with her. She was to be a solitary prisoner in solitary confinement, and she was on her parole.

Her aunt made her promise not to leave the room, and having done so, was content, for, as she said to Uncle Jem in rather a complaining way,

"It is a very odd thing that Bab never tells a falsehood or breaks her promise. Robert and Selina both do sometimes, and yet they are so much better children. Isn't it odd?"

Having enjoyed a good roar, and feeling wonderfully refreshed thereby—for Bab was too proud to have shed a tear in Aunt Anastasia's and Miss Strickham's presence—the poor little thing got hold of her lesson-books and prepared to learn a French verb, some questions and answers in English history, and to do a sum in compound addition and write a copy.

"As if it mattered to such a little thing as I am whether King John was a good man or a bad one, or what sort of a thing Magna Charta was!" said she reproachfully, to her book; "as if it mattered to anybody, indeed, when it was such an extremely long time ago! Eleven hundred and ninety-nine he came to the throne; and who'd care if he had never been born or never come to the throne? And we're not barons, and we've not got Magna Charta; and it's all nothing at all, but a great pity it ever happened, poor little children living hundreds and hundreds of years afterwards would not be troubled about it. I call it rubbish!"

And with the word rubbish she tossed the little book up, and down it came with a broken back.

Bab picked it up and held it by one corner. When she saw the melancholy scrambling way in which the cover and the pages hung, she went off into irresistible shouts of laughter—for Bab's laugh was as loud and as hearty as her cry.

Then she did her sums and wrote her copy, and after that Maria brought in her dinner.

Bab clapped her hands for joy when she saw what the tray contained, and then she began her dinner.

But now the lessons were over, the dinner was finished, and what was poor little Bab to do for the rest of the time?

She went round the room, casting out first her right hand and then her left, touching thus in turn everything in the apartment, but there was nothing more interesting than a pen-wiper, a schoolroom inkstand, or a grammar, so she called out "No, no, no" to everything, and then all of a sudden down came her hand on a big book with scarlet and white binding and she gave a loud scream, a pirouet, and then said "Yes!"

"Yes; I should think so. Why, it was Mr. Beresford's fairy book—the beautiful book he was showing them last night."

Then she seized on the precious book; brought it over with quite a struggle to the school desk, opened it there, and with elbows on table and cheeks on hands, gave herself over to perfect enjoyment.

And so it was that we saw Miss Bab when our story began, sitting before the great book enjoying herself.

Such beautiful, lovely pictures went round every page, with a little verse right down in the middle of the pictures.

Fairies gorgeously colored, all twining together or mixing themselves up with butterflies till you scarcely knew which was which, and not one bit of white paper to be seen through or mid the brilliant creatures—actually a wide border of fairies and butterflies, and nothing else, and the verse in the middle was also in illuminated letters.

In her eagerness, hanging over the book to read it, Bab happened to lean on the end of a pen standing up in an inkstand.

She was too much interested to know what it was, but it came spluttering out, and a little speck of ink splashed on the white paper beyond the border.

"Oh, oh!" cried excited Bab; "is it not like some little bad fairy running along to hurt them?"

It was very hot, and Bab's eyes shut after she had said that, and when she opened them again she forgot the bad fairy, she was so shocked to see the splash of ink on the paper.

And then she felt the sun warmer and warmer, and she shut her eyes once more.

"Look again," said a very little voice, but very sweet, oh, so sweet!

So she did look again. She saw all the beautiful painted fairies and butterflies had risen up alive from the page, and were dancing and gliding round and round it, never passing off the border to the outside or the inside.

It was a lovely sight to see, and little Bab laughed and clapped her hands. Then a very grand and proud-looking fairy slipped out of the dance, and stationed herself in front, where she could take a good look at Bab.

"Little girl, why did you do that?" said the fairy, severely.

"Oh, what, please?" Bab was a brave child, but she did feel a little shaky and nohow just then.

"Brought the bad fairy Blackame to creep in among us and eat up our butterflies."

And had Bab really the power to bring a fairy Blackame over there when she thought it was only a splash of ink?

And she looked with a sort of terror on the bad fairy Blackame when she thought she had brought her, and could not send her away.

"Oh, fairy, fairy!" she cried, "do forgive me. But can that wretched little black splashy thing—for you really can't call it a splash—eat your butterflies when there are so many of you to fight for them, and they've got heaps and heaps of wings to fly away."

"Well, that is inconvenient," sighed Bab; "but don't you think, since the butterflies are so brave—how I do like them for being so brave!—don't you think they might fight a little?"

"Butterflies fight!" screamed the fairy. "Were butterflies ever seen to fight since the first butterfly? What will you say next. I think you are a very disagreeable little girl. First you bring down Blackame, and then you want to set all our dear pretty butterflies fighting."

"It was you who said they were so brave," murmured Bab, half penitent and half injured.

"And pray, is there any reason why I should not be permitted to say that butterflies are brave?" asked the fairy, with a sort of deadly politeness.

"And so much as I need to long to see a fairy!" sighed Bab to herself; "and now I really wish she would go away."

"What are you prepared to do about Blackame?—tell me," demanded the fairy, suddenly.

She made Bab jump, but Bab did not mind that; she was a straightforward child, and liked to go direct at a thing.

She reflected, and then she faced the difficulty she had got into bravely, and replied in a grave, resolute way:

"Anything you wish."

The fairy looked at her. "Why couldn't you say so before?" she said, very sharply. "It would have saved all this trouble."

Again Bab felt that it was not fair—she thought the fairy was unfairer even than Selina; but she was a fairy, and besides that, Bab had brought Blackame down upon them; so she said instantly, not meekly and humbly, for that was not her way—but in a resolute, hearty manner, that gave one confidence to see—

"Just tell me, and I'll do it."

"I'll tell you," said the fairy quite good-naturedly, "and you'll do it. That's quite fair. Well now, the thing to do is this: go out in the evening with a long pole, and knock up high into the branches of the trees, and glance up and down, holding your dress out, and singing:—

"I'm the girl that brought him in,
Blackame! What a rout!
Little birds that cannot sin,
Drive the wretched fellow out,
Blackame!'

And then you'll see——" but what she was to see Bab never knew; something touched her, and then rushed with headlong sound through the window.

The fairy was gone, and stranger still, the bright beautiful book, with its butterflies and fairies was gone too.

She looked lazily round her, and, to her surprise, saw Selina standing at the other end of the table.

"Why are you home so early?"

"Home so early! It's half-past five, if you please. Why, you lazy little thing, you've been asleep all the time!"

Bab looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw it was a quarter to six. How quickly the time passes when you are with fairies!

She knew she had not been asleep, because she knew she had had the visit from the fairy, and she was so anxious to know what would happen next.

About seven o'clock she thought she might go out with a long pole to the tree; and she supposed the fairies had put the book somewhere, till the birds should come and drive Blackame out of it, and she hoped very much Mr. Beresford would not miss his beautiful book till then, when it would be clear from the black splotch which she now knew was not Blackame.

"Where is Robert?" asked Miss Selina. "He dashed out of the carriage and through here, and he must have gone out by the window. And you must have been asleep, or you would have heard him."

Bab remembered the sound of the rush through the window, and she saw now a spill of ink just by the place where the book had been.

But Robert could not have been there, because she was talking to the fairy at the very time, and she must have noticed him, and felt him greatly in the way.

When it was past seven o'clock, Bab slipped away, and took Mr. Beresford's alpenstock out of the stand in the hall, and beat about the branches of the elms and horse-chestnuts, and danced and sang, holding her dress up, and did everything exactly as the fairy had told her to do.

But she had not been dancing and singing (Bab often recalled the scene, when she was older, with pleasure) more than about twenty minutes before Aunt Anastasia put her head out of the window, and told her to come in.

It was much pleasanter to be dancing for the fairies up and down, with outstretched frock, than to go into the house and find Blackame still on the page, and have to confess she brought him there, and be in disgrace for it.

Mr. Beresford held out a kind hand to her, and drew her to his side.

The book, when Mr. Beresford took it in his hands, naturally opened at the page where it had been lying open than morning so long, and there were all the fairies and butterflies laying flat and beautiful, and the verses in the middle of the page.

But there, instead of Blackame, were five or six Blackame's perhaps, intertwining together like the fairies and the butterflies, but bearing to mortal eyes nothing but the appearance of a thick smudge of ink.

"Oh, I didn't do that!" cried poor little Bab, and burst into tears.

"Who did, then?" inquired Mr. Beresford, quickly.

"Why, I saw Robert with the book in the hall soon after we came home," cried Selina, on impulse.

"Did you do it, Robert," asked Mr. Beresford.

"Why does she say she didn't do it, and begin to blubber?" cried Robert, politely designating Bab over his shoulder. "Wasn't she left at home? Who could do it but she?"

"Because I saw you do it," replied Mr. Beresford, and Robert's white face became scarlet—the mean little fellow as he stood there before them, who had committed a fault, and then tried to lay it on a girl. "Bab was lying back in her chair fast asleep, and with bright smiles on her face, that showed that she was having happy dreams, when in you ran, jumped over desk, book, and all; threw a little of the ink across the page by a kick with your foot, then looking with dismay at your work, tucked the book under your arm, and then jumped through the window with it."

Robert blubbered at this. "I wanted to take the ink out."

"You have been a very bad boy," said his father. "You deserve a flogging, and shall have it. I am very much grieved about your book, Beresford."

Robert almost screamed,

"I think more of his laying the fault on this little girl," replied Mr. Beresford, his head among Bab's curls, "than of the book."

Bab sidled up to him. He sat at the table looking so kindly at her, and she stood by him, her elbow on it, and with her pretty modest eyes fixed on him. "But it doesn't seem quite as if he did that, does it?" she asked; "he took the book away to make it with me, everybody would have believed I did it, and he knew that quite well."

"No, he had not laid a plot, but at the moment he put the blame on you."

"That was because he is such a coward. Pray, he couldn't help it; he was too frightened. You were too frightened, weren't you, Robert? You are such a coward!" Bab said plainly.

Robert, still crying, she made his excuses.

"And I am very sorry. I'd quite forgotten, but I did it too."

Mr. Beresford smiled.

"Did what, little Bab?"

"Ah, perhaps you'll be angry, and I shall be so very sorry; but I must tell. I did it too."

She sidled up a little nearer, and looked gently at him.

"Did what too?"

"I spurted a little—teeny ink by a spluttering pen, and it was a bad fairy named Blackame; and another fairy was just telling how to set it right, when Robert must have rushed in and did it all; but if I had not put the book on the desk near the ink, nothing would have happened, and Robert would be happy. Oh, please, Uncle Jem, don't flog Robert."

"Very well; you are a good little thing, Bab.

Go to bed this moment, sir; perhaps I may let you off, as your cousin is so kind."

Robert left the room, and his father followed to feast give him a good scolding. Bab was left alone with Mr. Beresford. She stood near him, with a wistful expression about both her face and her figure.

"Will it spoil the book? And it has all happened because I was naughty and couldn't be taken. I think they had better take me next time, Mr. Beresford, whatever I've done;" and a humorous look sparkled into Bab's eyes.

"And the fairies came and talked to you? But do you know it was not really a fairy, Bab? You were fast asleep, for I saw you myself; you must have been dreaming."

"Oh dear! And was not it a fairy? then it was just a common dance I had under the tree. But do you know I'm not quite sorry, for she was not half as nice as fairies are: and that was not really a Blackame, was it? Well, I'm sorry I could call up a bad fairy, only I do wish I had really been dancing for birds."

"I wish you were not so often in disgrace, little Bab."

"So do I; but I don't think I shall be next year. Father and mother are coming home then from the Mauritius, and I shall be an own little girl again."

Mr. Beresford kissed Bab affectionately when she said that, but Bab did not know why he kissed her.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.—A Goose, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a Horse who fed near her, and in blowing accounts thus addressed him: "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you, I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air, and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters; I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish and a quadruped."

The Horse, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied: "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed, but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow.

You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live on them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves.

And when you walk, or rather waddle upon the ground, with your broad feet and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a goose in all."

MAKING FAME.—A French author, finding his reputation suffered from the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in workman's very plain attire and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was scarcely devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement. The poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this, "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody.

DEEP AND TRUE.

BY A. T. R.

Look in mine eyes, my fairest,
  As I look into thine:
Say, is the love thou bearest
  As deep and true as mine?—
Deep as the sea unfathomed,
  True as the clinging vine?

Aye, in these orbs clear-beaming,
  Serene, and soft, and blue,
Like stars in still lakes gleaming,
  Mine, imaged there, I view,
And know the love thou feelest
  For me is deep and true.

Lay now thy hand, my dearest,
  In mine, and as thou dost,
Say, if in aught thou fearest
  On my right hand to trust,
Leaning on man securely,
  As woman ever must.

Ah! in thy hand no trembling
  To meet my clasp I feel:
True faith hath no dissembling,
  True love is strong as steel!
I'll hold this hand for ever
  Through life, come woe or weal.

Enough. No other token
  I ask thy faith to prove;
I want no words low-spoken
  To tell me thou dost love—
The eye and touch have language,
  Though lip or tongue ne'er move.

Now, let me draw thee nearer,
  And breathe my heart's delight,
Whispering that thou art dearer
  To me than life or light,
In words as soft as breathings
  Of air in leaves at night.

COUNTING THE CASH.

When the national bank notes have tramped about the country until they have become ragged and vagabond, and reached the lowest depths of degradation, they are bundled up and sent to the Treasury Department for redemption.

They have to pass in review through the National Bank Agency, where those that are utterly depraved and good for nothing are sentenced to be chewed up, and those that have got in through association, but are still not so far gone but that some good may be got out of them, are sent back into the service.

In the place of those that are condemned, nice new notes, crisp and clean, are sent out. The experience of those notes are varied, and in some cases very novel and interesting, but their tale is told only by their ragged and dirty appearance when they get back to the department. The average length of time that a new note can keep up a respectable appearance is about three years. Some have been found at the end of twenty years to be as crisp as on the day of their issue, but these are exceptional cases, where they have fallen into the hands of people who have made pets of them and carefully guarded them from rough usage.

The wandering note soon becomes a tramp. It rapidly goes to pieces if it starts out for the West, stopping along at the cross-road inns, or if it frequents drinking saloons and falls in with low company. Bad habits tell on a bank note very quickly. Some have been known to become good-for-nothing under such circumstances in a few weeks. They are subject, too, to all sorts of misfortune by fire and water.

All these notes otherwise mutilated go directly to the redemption agency. The degree of expert efficiency displayed there is something remarkable. This branch of the service was organized about eleven years ago. Prior to that there was no systematic redemption of the paper currency as it became too much worn for circulation, and a good many ragamuffin notes were wandering about the country. The service began with 153 people employed in counting and assorting the notes that came in for redemption. Very nearly the same amount of work is now done by 57.

The counting in and assorting of the notes require great care, and it is only after long experience that it can be done rapidly. There is an average of about 150,000,000 notes handled every year, and they have to be counted about five times if there is no hitch in the count, and oftener if any mistakes are made.

The force of fifty-seven, all except two or three of whom are ladies, can handle just half a million notes each day. This is very expert counting. The notes when they come to be judged have first to be "counted in." This requires the "counter in" to go over them twice, and she must make no mistake, and pass no counterfeit, or the loss thus caused will be deducted from her salary. She is given from 6,000 to 10,000 notes, for which she gives a receipt; then she counts them in; then she counts them back; and if the two counts agree she is given credit for them when she settles up in the evening, turning in the money bound and labeled with her name and amount on each package. If the packages, or any of them, are found short, she has to make good the deficiency.

Next, the notes have to be assorted, those in good condition from those in bad condition; then they have to be grouped as to denomination, then distributed into banks of issue, and then into denomination, under the heads of banks. Then they are "counted out." The "counter in" has to handle them twice, and the "counter out" thrice, but the former has the most responsibility, and must be more expert. The "counter in" handles from 6,000 to 10,000 notes twice, or counts from 12,000 to 20,000 a day, while the "counter out" handles from 5,000 to 7,000 three times, or counts from 15,000 to 21,000 per day. This is provided they make no mistakes, which makes a recount necessary, and doubles the work.

To do this requires constant attention, and is a great strain on the nerves, as each note has to be scrutinized very closely to see that it is not counterfeit, and the "counter in" must know the name of every bank that has a counterfeit upon it, and have in his mind a full description of the false note so as to be able to detect it at sight. The superintendent says counterfeit notes are are thrown out by these experts without hesitation every time they come to them. They have a line of notes passing before their eyes all the time, and any flaw or defect they notice on the instant.

Grains of Gold.

There is not a moment without some duty.

When two persons quarrel both are in the wrong.

A word of kindness may conquer the hardest heart.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind a tombstone.

To be envious is to punish ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors.

Let us not forget the uses of silence and solitude. In these we oftenest meet God.

To have thought far too little, we shall find in the review of life, among our capital faults.

Tranquil pleasures last the longest; we are not fitted to bear long the burden of great joys.

There is no courage like that which comes of knowing we are in the path of appointed duty.

Man is no better than a leaf driven by the wind until he has completely mastered his great, lonely duties.

Never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge and dares to forgive an injury.

How many hopes have quivered for us in the past years—have flashed like lightning in summer nights, and died forever.

Even a fool does not choose a fool for a favorite. He knows better than that; he must have something to lean against.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passion, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

Some men make a great flourish about doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

There is a key that will open every lock, if we only know how to forge it; and so with life, there is a right path for every one, if they will only search to find it.

Among the sources of those innumerable calamities which from age to age have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned as one of the principal—the abuse of words.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

Frankness and openness are the natural and healthful atmospheres of goodness and strength. Were all men perfect, there would be no reserve, for there would be nothing to conceal.

Every man in his own life has follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—in the performance of his own duties deficiencies enough—in his fortune evils enough without minding other people's business.

Self-respect is the foundation of character and of progress. Break it down, and nothing valuable can be built upon the ruins; establish it firmly, and no one can tell how noble a structure of virtue and happiness may not be raised.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

Politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart and an observing mind. Benevolence will teach us temperance towards the feelings of others, and habits of observation will enable us to judge promptly and easily what those feelings are.

Femininities.

Love's sacrifice—Taking the smaller plate of ice-cream.

Among Princess Beatrice's 300 dresses there are several Mother Hubbards.

Popinjay says that he wishes he could induce his wife to try the early closing movement on her mouth.

"There are some things man cannot do," remarks a philosopher. This is true, especially if his wife happens to say so.

A "monster in human form" says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

To be persuasive, woman must be amiable; and to be strong, she must speak from a loving heart, and not from a sour mind.

The Archduchess Gisela, of Bavaria, daughter of the Empress of Austria, has set herself sternly against crinoline and bustles.

Young housekeeper to servant: "I see that beef is much cheaper on the hoof, and I presume it's just as good. Get a nice roast off the hoof."

The ex-Queen of Spain, Isabella II., has grown as fat as several porpoises, and is beginning to suffer from scrofula, threatening her with blindness.

Karl—"Mamma, mayn't I go out in the street a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen." Mamma—"Well, yes, but be careful and don't go too near."

The most valuable of the Princess Beatrice's presents was given her by the ex-Empress Eugenie—a tea and coffee service of solid gold, each piece being richly chased.

Every effort is made in forming matrimonial alliances to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.

Two women deliberately broke a large plate glass window at Myerstown, this State, the other day, in order that they might join their husbands, who are passing the summer in jail.

Men sometimes recover from the effects of lockjaw, but with women it is always fatal. It is not so much the danger of the disease, great as that is. It is the mortification at not being able to speak that kills.

"Let me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate, and had forgotten the date; "this is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my second."

A wedding-ring was lost in the sands at Fairfield Beach, Conn., the other day, and a search made for it resulted in the finding of no less than six of the finger adornments; but, strange to say, the sought-for treasure was not among them.

George Eliot says "things look dim to old folks." They undoubtedly do when old folks peer into the parlor between the hours of nine and twelve in the evening. But the old folks look ominously distinct to the occupants of the divanes.

Ladies' nightgowns are marked with the wearer's initials, rather large and embroidered in white in the corner of the collar. Gentlemen's ditto are marked with a colored monogram, letters from two to three inches high, on the right breast, near the opening.

A loving Chicago couple has discontinued friendly relations because the young man persisted in using the type-writer to correspond. The lady said she could easily read his manuscript, and did not propose to file away any more machine-made love-letters.

"It is to be all the fashion this summer for young ladies to look as if a great sorrow were gnawing at their hearts." In order to accomplish this, all that is necessary is for the young ladies to meet some other young lady wearing a newer style bonnet. This rule always works.

It is reported that there is a charming hostess in the country who warms the beds of her guests with perfumed warming-pans. She finds out the favorite perfume of each guest, and on retiring for the night he or she finds a subtle scent of violets, or white rose, or heliotrope, issuing from between the sheets.

A petition asking for the commutation of Mrs. Barrows' death sentence has been circulated among the ladies of Augusta, Maine, and has received many signatures. One of the grounds on which clemency is solicited is that no woman has ever been hanged in Maine, and that it would be barbarism to execute one of her sex.

A man out West is too much of a critic. He speaks of a picture of a statue, "Star of the West," a woman shading her eyes with her hand, in this manner. "It is not true to nature. A woman always shades her eyes by turning her hand over—the palm upward, so that the back will not sunburn. During the civil war a woman in the army in male attire was discovered by this gesture."

Little Harry, aged four, who had been presented with a toy monkey, very much astonished his young and greatly admired aunt the other evening, by ending his prayers with "amonkey" instead of "amen." His aunt was greatly shocked, and exclaimed: "Why, Harry, what made you say that?" The young philosopher answered. "I say 'amonkey' because I like monkeys best; you say 'amen' because you like men best."

The growth of the female population in the large cities is a remarkable feature of the censuses of the time. New York has a surplus of about 25,000 women, Boston of 18,000, Baltimore of 17,000, and so on through the whole list of cities in the East. Fifty years ago the women stayed at home while the men came to the city to pursue their careers; now, both in Europe and in America, the women are crowding to the business centres.

It is the custom to have a clock in the parlor; but whether it is right seems to be a reasonable question. Some women, desirous of keeping their guests in complete ignorance of the fleeting hours, have a miniature timepiece concealed in a paper weight or an album. In either case it is no larger than a watch, and a convex cover of frosted gold will conceal it if set in the centre of the binding of an album, or on the back of a portemonnaie.

Masculinities.

In harness one man has lifted 3,500 pounds.

The man who is fond of puddings and pies places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

"The Marquis of Londonderry, wholesale and retail dealer in coals," is a sign now seen in London.

A Toronto paper refers eloquently to "the time when Daniel Webster was getting up his famous dictionary."

When a man is hideously ugly, the only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

Count Tolstoi, a distinguished Russian author, has stopped writing, and is learning the shoemaker's trade.

The richest man in Portland, Ore., began life by buying a calfskin on credit, tanning it, and then selling it for $10.

The Prince of Wales limp, recently affected by the dudes, is the combination of the walks of a man who has been kicked and a man who ought to be.

An oath never passed General Grant's lips. His nearest approach to an imprecation was "Confound it." He himself said: "I never learned to swear."

A thoughtful man can find fodder for much rumination in the announcement that seventy-two per cent. of the bald-headed men in this country are married.

An Omaha woman has three husbands living, and was photographed with all of them the other day. Two of them are divorced, but kindly consented to sit for the group.

The prayer of the Norman might suit the spirit of our own time. It was: "Kind Heaven, I do not ask for wealth, only to be placed within arm's length of some one who has it."

Colddepate used to rave over Miss Girligurll's hyacinth curls. Since he has discovered that they are fastened on with hair-pins, he has chosen a new floral emblem, and now calls them lie-locks.

During eight centuries one's direct ancestors would amount to 16,000,000, taking three generations to the century: though, as a matter of course, the figures would be immensely reduced by intermarriage.

An unexceptionally able physician has said that mental labor never produces disease of the brain, but that "worry" is the chief source of softening of the brain, and of that paralysis which is distinct from apoplexy.

Mrs. Brown: "Are you not going to celebrate your wooden wedding?" Mrs. Smith: "No; my first wedding was a wooden one." Mrs. B.: "Oh, it could not be, you know." Mrs. S.: "It was. I married a blockhead."

The epitaph that follows is to be found under the moss of a gravestone in Vermont:

Here lies the body of Samuel Woodhee,
The best of husbands and the purest of men.
N. B.—His name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't rhyme.

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een." "Weel," remarked one of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my een."

Mr. John Morris, of Two Rivers, Mo., was commonly called "Tod" by his neighbors, until he took it into his head that the sobriquet implied his addiction to the flowing bowl, and began to "cut" and sue for libel those that used it. Now they call him Tod more than ever.

Brown tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening. He married the eldest of seven girls. "Brown," said she, "I'm not going to ruin my reputation by quarreling with you. Wait till the girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I am only an amateur."

"Where a European takes his dog out for a walk," says a China paper, "a Chinaman carries a cage, imprisoned in which is a bird, and when he sits down to rest, he hangs the cage upon a tree, in order that he may enjoy the flood of melody which is poured forth from the bird's throat."

Big sister (shouting to Bobby): "Bobbee! you are wanted to do an errand." Bobby (shouting back): "Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm busy." Big sister: "It's not mother who wants you—it's father." Bobby (hastily): "All right. Tell him I'll be there in a minute."

Prince Louis of Battenberg, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, is an excellent practical printer, and once when his ship reached a small port where no one was competent to print the programme required for a dance given by the officers, the Prince came forward and volunteered to do the work himself.

In an article on "Summer in the Soudan," published in an English magazine, occurs the following remarkable picture of a dust-storm in the desert: "Men and animals huddled together with veils over their heads, awaiting, with patience, with their tails (!) turned toward a storm, the subsidence of the wind."

We heard of an old gentleman who had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a-wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to marry into his family, he might have the eldest, or leave the house as soon as it was possible.

Photographer: "Now look cheerful, please, and keep your eye on that picture. Pardon me—that will scarcely do; your expression is far too sombre to make an agreeable picture. You must try to coax up a slight smile." Subject: "If this position and expression costs anything extra, I am willing to pay for it. My wife is at the seaside with the children, and the picture goes to her. I know what I am about, Mr. Artist, so kindly draw the cover and begin counting."

An Old Man's Darling.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I—I—AM afraid it isn't right, Mr. Wedmore, for me to accept your kind offer. I——"

Somehow little Daisy Roseland was very much confused, and she drooped her sweet flower-face away from the old gentleman who was standing beside her, looking so kindly down on her.

"Afraid to marry me because I am such an old man, Daisy? Or do you think it impossible for me to love you, because I am so old? What is the reason, little one?"

Daisy looked quickly up, her lovely eyes all piteous in their sweet truthfulness.

"I was only thinking of myself. I—I—am quite sure—I—am not in love with you. I think it would be wrong to marry you just because you are generous enough, and kind enough, to want to give me a home and care. There is no other reason why you should want me sir."

Mr. Wedmore smiled in her grave eyes.

"Innocent little girlie! But you will believe me when I tell you that, although I could not endure to see such a child as yourself left to battle with the world alone, although I certainly do believe you have no warmer feeling for me than friendliness and esteem, still, Daisy, I love you truly, for all there is a difference of nearly forty years in our ages. I love you for your sweet, gracious ways, that are such a charming combination of girlishness and womanliness. I love you because I see what a noble, lovely woman you will make. You are modest and very beautiful, Daisy—and I want you to be my wife. Daisy, shall it be so?"

His half grave, wholly tender words were certainly very sweet to this little friendless orphan girl, who, with her delicate constitution, her fragile grace, her spirituelle beauty, was very ill adapted to make her way in the world.

Besides, she had known Mr. Wedmore all her life, and had known him to be a man of sterling worth, a friend whom her parents had loved and trusted all their lives.

Only—it was so strange to think he could possibly take sufficient interest in her to be willing to marry her. She knew all the luxury, and ease, and magnificence that awaited her as his wife.

She had often enough been in Mr. Wedmore's house and seen the splendor of the furniture, the silver, the paintings, the lace, the bronzes, the thousand and one expensive elegancies with which his West-end mansion was adorned.

She knew marriage with him meant complete, costly wardrobes where now she possessed the cheapest, plainest clothing.

She knew it meant horses and carriages at her command, where now her little feet were so often weary.

She knew it meant liveried servants to wait on her, blank cheques to fill and to use as she chose, summers at the seaside and abroad, winters of opera and theatres, and receptions and pleasures generally.

She knew that people who passed her by now, with perhaps a start at her sylph-like beauty, people who did not take the trouble to bow or speak to Miss Daisy Roseland, would sue for the favor and beg for the smiles of Mrs. William Wedmore.

She knew there remained a paradise on earth for her if she married the chivalrous, white-headed, white-moustached old gentleman, who offered his hand and heart with a grave dignity and tender kindness that touched her.

Only she did not love him, and it had not been so very long since she had cried night after night, when no one knew it, because Frank St. Ernest had cooled in his devotion to her—handsome, debonair Frank, with the face of a corsair, and a way with him that had appealed so strongly to her very heart.

But Frank St. Ernest, and his beauty, and his way, was of no avail.

He had hardly spoken to her of late, and she had heard more than once or twice that there were a pair of pretty gray eyes in another street that had conquered him.

So when Mr. Wedmore had asked her if she would be his wife she had thought it her first duty to tell him that she did not love him as she supposed he desired to be loved, as he certainly deserved to be loved in consideration of all the great kindness he was showing her.

Then when Mr. Wedmore had so calmly, gravely, decidedly put the question, Daisy looked at him, her sweet blue eyes wistful and pleading.

"If you think I can suit you, sir, I will try to please you, indeed I will, Mr. Wedmore, for you are my kindest and truest friend."

Then he lifted her face by her little dimpled chin and kissed her.

"I will always be your kindest, truest friend, Daisy, dear. The time shall never come when you will regret having given yourself to my keeping, and the time shall come when you will love me, despite my white head, Daisy."

And she thought him the most courtly, dignified gentleman she had ever seen, as he spoke, and she smiled and blushed so prettily that Mr. Wedmore congratulated himself that it would not be long before his prophecy came true.

Not long after that they were married, and the fairy tale life of Daisy Wedmore began just as she had expected, and went on just as she had anticipated, and she was so happy and proud, and so shyly sweet and graceful, and people said Mrs. Wedmore was an idol, if ever yet a young, beautiful girl was an old man's idol.

People called her "an old man's darling," and many a girl and woman envied her, while more than one of Mr. Wedmore's friends openly expressed his admiration of his charming wife.

And one, a crusty old bachelor, who had been among the first to deride Mr. Wedmore for assuming the yoke of married life, had ventured to say that other gentlemen admired young Mrs. Daisy, too—gentlemen who had no especial business to.

"You see, she's so young and pretty; and has such a bright, girlish vivacity, that it attracts people, gentlemen, especially those near her own age who are naturally companionable for her. There's St. Ernest, for instance."

Mr. Wedmore found himself strangely provoked by his friend's tone. He looked up quickly.

"Yes, Mr. St. Ernest is a caller at my house and an old acquaintance of my wife's. Well?"

"It is to be hoped it is well Wedmore, but—don't be angry, old fellow—but people do say he is there too often for Mrs. W.'s good. He's one of your handsome, dashing sort, you know—just the style to captivate a woman, and he was a beau of your wife long before you were."

The stern white brows lowered angrily.

"If you have anything to say, say it, and don't insinuate it. People talk, do they, of my wife and young St. Ernest? Let me assure you it is my wish that my wife receive young company, suited, as you say, to her years."

And from the haughty, decided way he used, it was evident Mr. Wedmore considered the subject dismissed.

Dismissed from conversation, but not from his mind. How could such a subject be dismissed?

And Mr. Wedmore found it intruding with distrustful pertinacity a dozen times that day as he was busy in his private office.

He went home an hour earlier that afternoon—why, he could not have said; certainly not from what his over-zealous friend had said, and yet it struck him with peculiarly startling and unpleasant force when the footman told him, in answer to his customary inquiry if Mrs. Wedmore was in, that he would find her in her own sitting room, with Mr. St. Ernest.

For one moment the temptation was strong upon him to go direct to his wife's room, and inform the visitor that he must come no more.

For one moment it seemed as if jealousy and distrust had taken complete possession of him—then, with a dignity worthy himself, he passed in, and went to the library—far enough away from where the servant had told him his wife and her guest—her admirer—once her lover—were, to prove how effectually he had routed the evil feeling that had possessed him.

His library was cosy—a long, narrow room, with walls hung in green fluted silk, and divided from the back drawing room by sliding glass doors that were draped on both sides with silk.

And the glass doors were just enough ajar for him to hear voices the moment he entered the room—enough ajar to enable him to know that the footman had made a mistake—that Mrs. Wedmore and Mr. Ernest were not in the lady's own private parlor, but in the drawing room.

The thrill of gratification that he experienced did not lessen as he stood in the centre of his library and heard, without listening, first his wife's clear indignant voice.

"I will not permit you to speak so to me. You shall not forget I am Mr. William Wedmore's wife."

Then St. Ernest's voice, eager, impassioned.

"There is no danger of my forgetting the fact, Daisy. Notwithstanding, I believe you love me yet, as you once did. I love you, Daisy, dearly, dearly, and you shall know it."

"I tell you I will not have such insolence. You shall be corrected of your mistake in supposing I ever loved you, and then you shall leave this house, or I will call the servants to assist you out. I never cared for anyone but my dear, noble husband, the best man ever a woman had to love and care for her. I will not have him, or his name, or his house disregarded by such a one as you, who dare speak such words to his wife—the wife who honors and loves him."

St. Ernest laughed.

"Love him—fifty-eight years old. That's likely, Daisy. Love him!—no, you don't!"

Then Daisy's voice, like clear cold steel—

"Leave this room, this house, sir, in which you are not fit to be! Leave it instantly, and never dare to enter it again—you ungentlemanly rascal, to presume upon such insulting language to a wife!"

And Mr. Wedmore heard his wife's dress rustle rapidly over the carpet and out in the hall, and ascending the stairs, he saw Mr. St. Ernest get his hat and cane, and gloves, and take himself off very like a whipped cur.

Then he followed his true-hearted little wife to her room, were he found her pale, excited, and still indignant.

"My little darling! I never loved you so in all your life! Daisy, I heard it all, every word—Daisy—my true little love!"

The next day he sent Mr. St. Ernest his official *congé*, and that gentleman had reason to malign his unlucky stars that ever his awkward foolishness had shut the doors of the Wedmore house to him, when, a few years afterwards, she donned her sombre weeds on the occasion of her husband's death that left her sole, unconditional inheritress of his immense wealth.

She did not think of him—nor of anyone, despite the gratuitous advice on all sides to marry again, despite the well-spread rumors that she surely would marry again.

She did not marry or ever will. Nor will she ever entirely lay aside the mourning robes she wears as an honest, loving token of the memory of the husband she so loved and revered, and to whom she will be ever leal and true.

FEMALE HALLUCINATIONS.—A few years ago, the following very remarkable facts were published in the *British Medical Journal*:—

Recent circumstances have directed attention to certain remarkable delusions to which females of unstable, nervous equilibrium are subject, either through hysteria or through similar disorders of the nervous system. Dr. Legrand du Saulle, physician to the Salpetriere, Paris, describes, in his standard work, 'Les Hysteriques,' some remarkable cases of hallucination where females labored under the belief that they had been struck or stabbed by others, even after having inflicted blows and wounds upon themselves.

In one instance, a young woman was found by her husband lying on the floor of her room in a fainting-fit, her face covered with blood. On reviving from her swoon, she stated that she had been attacked by armed men; the Paris newspapers related the case, and within three weeks two similar events occurred in the French metropolis. All these cases proved to be fabrications by the supposed victims.

A young girl wounded herself slightly with a pistol. She gave the police authorities the most minute details about an imaginary assassin, who, according to her own account, fired a weapon; but she was found to be highly hysterical, and it was proved that she had wilfully wounded herself.

In a third case in Dr. du Saulle's experience, a young woman was found in a railway car stabbed in the left side. The incident caused great excitement, but it was proved, contrary to assertions, that she had inflicted the wound herself, and was a hysterical subject.

A house-maid was found lying behind a door, bound, gagged, and covered with bruises. She stated that she had been brutally attacked by two burglars with blackened faces, but she was a highly hysterical woman, and there appears to have been strong evidence that she contrived with her own hands to gag and bruise herself.

Perhaps the strangest case of all occurred in M. Tardieu's practice—a young lady, wishing to make herself an object of public interest by passing as a victim of a political conspiracy which she pretended to have discovered. One night she found in a state of the greatest mental perturbation at the door of her apartment.

"She could not talk, but stated in writing that she had been attacked outside her own house by a man who attempted to garotte her, at the same time striking her twice with a dagger. Only the lady's clothing was injured, and the body of her dress and her corset were found to be cut through, but at different levels. She tried to make out that the attempt at strangulation had caused dumbness. M. Tardieu remarked in her hearing that this infirmity rapidly disappeared when produced under circumstances of this kind. She soon managed to regain her speech, and in a short time admitted that the whole narrative had been developed out of her inner consciousness."

A TRAMP applied to an Elizabeth woman for food one day last week, and she scolded him, saying: "Why don't you come at a decent time, right after dinner or breakfast—not in the middle of the morning?" He said, "I hain't got no watch" in such a piteous manner that she relented and went to the kitchen to get him something. Meanwhile her reprpoof sank deep into his heart, and to guard against making such a mistake in the future, he walked into the parlor and carried off the handsome mantel clock.

"WELL, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied, "I am tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

FOR truly deep feeling let me call your attention to a negro waiter who has to stand by while the hotel guest whom he is serving eats watermelon.

"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says:

"To make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophes nothing equals, Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world, as a maker of

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures

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Influenza, Sore Throat,
Difficult Breathing.

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Dysentery, Diarrhœa.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

Sold by Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.

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REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents Per Box

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Recent Book Issues.

That the public journal is a great power on the earth and in America more than anywhere else, never so strikingly forces itself upon the attention, as when we see the statistics of the newspaper world presented to us, as it were, at once and all together. This has been done in the 1885 edition of the "American Newspaper Annual," published by the great advertising firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, this city. Therein we find to the extent of thousands upon thousands a carefully prepared list of all Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in Geographical Sections, and by Towns in alphabetical order with everything in the way of facts connected with them as to date of establishment, circulation, character, etc., necessary to their complete history. To furnish these data is the main object of the Annual, and it does it in a manner so thorough as to omit nothing whatever. Moreover the work contains most valuable accurate, and well-arranged tables in regard to population, character of soil, agricultural statistics, leading manufactures, and products, hands employed, capital invested, colored and Chinese population, political majorities and other information relating to the country at large, which renders it a miniature United States gazette. Besides being a book which is an absolute necessity to everyman having aught to do with the press—in the way of advertising more particularly—it will be found a general work of reference in regard to national facts, that is practically invaluable. Published in a magnificent cloth-bound octavo of 1000 pages. Price $3.00. N. W. Ayer & Son, Phila.

Mrs. Burnett's Novelettes, "A Quiet Life," "Theo," "Kathleen," "Miss Crespigny," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Lindsay's Luck," and "Jarl's Daughter," are among the best, purest and most charming novels ever issued. There is a crisp and breezy freshness about these delightful novelettes that is rarely found in contemporaneous fiction, and a close adherence to nature, as well, that renders them doubly delicious. "A Quiet Life" is the latest issue in the new cheap series and is a pleasant and readable story. Peterson & Bros., Publishers, Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Magazine of American History for September is a number of extraordinary and vital interest. It opens with an admirable steel portrait of General Grant, in military uniform, and its leading paper treats of the Historical Association of General Grant's Resting Place, at Riverside The second paper of the number, Washington's First Public Service, is from the distinguished scholar, T. J. Chapman, A. M., and is extremely entertaining. Three excellent articles follow in the Civil War Series—"Baltimore in 1861." The Beginning of the Civil War in America. The Confederates taking the Offensive; and Military Affairs of New York State in 1861. Hon. James W. Gerard writes a chapter of much interest on, The Closing Days of Louis XIV.; and Tributes to General Grant, use from eminent sources. The standing departments—Original Documents, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices—are of high order and great interest. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

In the current number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* there is unusual variety. The serial, A Diamond in the Rough, is progressing and increases in interest, and there is an amount of fiction in the number that must gladden the heart of the young reader, and the old one too. A paper by H. Saville Clarke gives some curious instances of, Mistaken Identity; James C. Hadden writes of Sebastian Bach; Lizzie Heritage gives some excellent receipts for cakes, from griddle cakes to fruit short cake. There is an interesting continuation of, Our Autograph Book, in which we are shown the signatures of some famous literary ladies, Miss Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and Mary Russell Milford. The papers describing, The Postmen of the World, are continued. There is a paper called, The Right Thing in the Right Place; and then we have the regular monthly fashion letter of the well informed Paris correspondent, and The Gatherer, full to the brim with useful information. Poetry is not forgotten, nor is music neglected. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York.

"Grant's Memorial: What Shall It Be?" is treated in the September number of *North American Review*, by Launt Thompson, Karl Gerhardt, O. L. Warner and Wilson McDonald, sculptors; W. H. Beard, painter, Calvert Vaux and Henry Van Brunt, architects; and Clarence Cook, art critic. A consideration of the question, "Shall our National Banking System be Abolished?" is by George S. Boutwell, F. J. Scott, S. Dana Horton and Edward H. G. Clark. Ouida contributes an essay on, The Tendencies of English Fiction, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes on, The Great Psychical Opportunity. But the most readable article in the number is ex-Sergeant-at-Arms French's, Reminiscences of Famous Americans, which is a series of delightful anecdotes about the famous war senators. Published at New York.

The postmaster at Neshoba, Miss., earned only twelve cents last year.

No family or traveler, in the malarial district, should ever be without that sure antidote—Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure all malarial disorders.

Humorous.

OUR SUMMER CHUM.

Like a plague in the days of old,
The skeeter he rageth high;
As he boneth his bill on the stone of a sill,
He bugleth a battle cry.

Then brave as a warrior bold,
He makes at your nose a dash,
With uplifted hand the air is spanned,
And your beak it hath caught a mash.

Now around to your thumb-hand side
The trumpeter gaily hums;
Then he laughs at the blows you apply to your nose,
And calleth his cannibal chums.

In vain you attempt to dissuade—
He has made up his mind for gore;
You slap-py-ty-slap; he dodgeth each rap,
And soareth again for more.

In the morn, when you wake from sleep,
Your face is a sight to see;
And up there on the wall is a little red ball
Where clingeth the wild Feejee.

Now slyly upon him you creep—
A pillow your hand holds tight;
But when you get there, he is off in the air,
And soon he is out of sight.

—S. F. GLEN.

A dye museum—The barber's shop.

A pressing necessity—The tailor's goose.

A cyclone is like a waiter—it carries all before it.

Beauty and bashfulness are often united; yet the loveliest maiden is admired for her cheek.

Never trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist who looks most down in the mouth.

What kind of music does an excessive tobacco masticator remind one of? An over chewer, of course.

What is "thrashed" for the purpose of getting out the grain; a boy is "thrashed" to get out the chaff.

Cigars by the cwt.—Buying them by the hundred, and telling the dealer to wait for his money.

There are only three hundred shades of blue. We sometimes feel as though there were twice as many.

The difference between a lawyer trying a case and a cat, is that one is lying for a fee, and the other is feline.

A flea is a little thing, but its bite will make a lazy man more earnestly busy than a dozen gilded hopes of competency.

Why is a balloon-voyager greatly to be envied? Because he rises rapidly in the world, and has most excellent prospects.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

A Patterson man has a horse which sings. It never urges a colt as an excuse. Neither does it say neigh when an oat is set before it.

A little boy named an alligator, and the ugly reptile began to like the little fellow—not, however, until the little fellow was all gone.

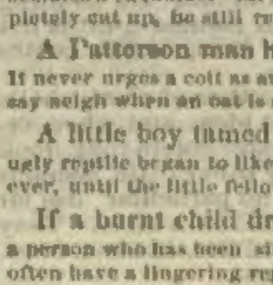
If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been stuged by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

The laziest and most desultory young man we ever heard of was he who, the other day, positively refused to complete his twenty-first year.

It takes but thirteen minutes to lead an elephant on a train, while it takes twenty for any sort of woman to bid her friends good-bye and lose the check for her trunk.

A scientist says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood-pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

Life in flats, where each floor is occupied by a different family, is not always harmonious. A musical young lady who lives on the second floor of one of these flats, meeting on the stairs the old gentleman who lives on the first floor, said to him: "That miserable dog of yours howls all night long." "Yes, I know, but, to make up for it, he doesn't play on the piano all day long."



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100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 30c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

172 Scrap Pictures, Album Verses, Cards, Sample Book, &c. 10 cts. F. B. HUNTED, Nassau, N. Y.

THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with Scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

It has effected an entire cure, and I am now as well as ever."

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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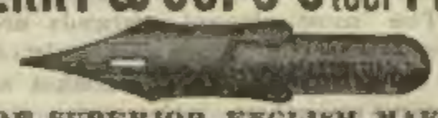

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Magnificent Art Works! Companion Masterpieces!

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"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER,"

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE, FOR THIRTY CENTS.

We offer the readers of THE POST at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing, etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American Artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape;
"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but they are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape, and is full of brooding storm and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream, and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion, to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited, and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil-painting, to apply at once. Address

THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO., 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It is no longer in the city that new and original toilettes are to be studied; they are now to be seen at the mountains, country houses, and on seashores. This season there is not much fantaisie affected in the new costumes; they are not composed of rich materials, as in winter, and yet this apparent simplicity is very costly.

For dinner wear at country houses and at the mountains, white canvas is the popular material, ornamented with gold embroidery, in which red silk is also intermixed. This is carried round the skirt and forms a perfect plastron in front as well at the back of the bodice. Muslins are also in vogue, trimmed with real Valenciennes insertions of fabulous price; likewise Pompadour brocatelles, which are cotton canvases printed with graceful flowers and trimmed with quilles of either pink or blue ribbon, made up of bows with short fringed ends. Such costumes have long wide sashes, painted in water-colors signed by well-known artists.

At the seashore there are plenty of red Turkey twill costumes to be seen, also many canvas ones with deep Russian embroideries in red, pink, and blue, which present a most original effect.

Parasols are made to match costumes, and are embroidered either with the interlaced initials of the owner, or with fancy birds, &c. The most elegant parasols are in gathered lace, the upper part only of the cover being lined with silk. Basket straw and coarse straw hats and bonnets are worn decked with red crepe bows, or with wild flowers.

A deep red faille Francaise, puffed at the back, the front drawn up at the side, so that the tunic formed a square, and was richly beaded, the bodice having a beaded vest. A blue and white foulard, just the thing for country or town wear in hot weather, the bodice having a plain-colored vest at the neck, was caught beneath the waistband into easy folds on either side. Coarse worsted cream lace was carried down the back of the bodice and skirt, and also formed handsome side trimmings.

A string canvas—no one can do wrong in buying one of these if she wishes to be in the fashion—was draped over a striped canvas skirt in velvet, green, red, and brown. There was a Breton vest to the bodice, a brown belt, and brown cuffs. Every colored lace is used in the piece as well as edging. Chartreuse canvas dresses are trimmed with lace of the same shade and mousse velvet.

If you want a dressy garden-party dress, invest in one of these, or a printed mousseline de laine—no, that is the old fashioned name; they are printed nun's cloth now, and very pretty they are, with their tiny floral boquets. They fall so softly and gracefully that they are mostly draped with much fulness towards the front, and even with a liberal trimming of lace, which they require, they cost but little. A blue silk covered with blue piece lace has the somberness relieved by rich white embroidery on net, velvet collars and cuffs.

An entire novelty in the way of a gown, suitable for boating, yatching, or sea side wear, and for which I think it is safe to predict a great success, is as follows: A deep flounce of red and white wool lace covered the front of the skirt, short small-looking draperies of the finest navy blue cloth, at once light and cool, crossing the front, and falling prettily over the back of the skirt. The bodice is very original, being a zouave shape made in blue cloth, fitting closely to the figure at the sides, but with a charming loose vest in front, made in the fashionable red Indian cotton, and having at the waist a most becoming V-shaped band of dark velvet.

A most invaluable accessory to a boating costume in the shape of a loose blouse or sailor jacket of striped flannel. The blouses are made after a very nautical and natty fashion, with a flat sailor collar, and a jaunty outside pocket.

Every lady who knows how to handle an oar will appreciate the enormous advantage of such a jacket as this. Tailor-made traveling gowns are to be seen in great perfection at all the summer resorts, and when the material is a fine cloth or a Scotch tweed, there is no manner of doubt that a man's needlework is infinitely preferable to that of any female dressmaker in existence.

The neatness of finish which gives such a dapper and semi-military air to the collars and cuffs, the tidy firmness of the buttonholes, and the happy result of the hot pressing and ironing (the secret of which is never apparently revealed to the outer world), all help to give a distinct character and style to a tailor-made gown.

A certain very loose light make of Scotch tweed, eminently suitable for traveling gowns, has been prepared for the forthcoming season. No bad weather can possibly spoil this material, and its marvellous lightness should be in great recommendation.

The weight of a tailor-made cloth gown has hitherto been a very serious drawback to the comfort of the wearer, but it seems to me that this new loose make of Scotch tweed simply leaves nothing to be desired. In a finer and closer tweed I have seen some lovely tailor-made short round jackets.

The cloth was gray with some threads of red in it, and the coat was lined throughout with red silk, and trimmed with jaunty silver buttons. Of the smarter gowns, of course, numbers are made in the white and cream Indian muslins and lawns, all of them being trimmed with deep flounces of white Swiss work, and looking delightfully light and cool.

Another pretty gown of white Indian cotton, was made with a narrow-shaped vest of galloon, in a pretty shade of gold; galloon collar and cuffs, and gold-colored ribbons brought round from the side seams of the bodice, and tied in long bows in front.

Wide sashes of soft silk are very much worn. Tied in a large loose bow on the left side of the waist, they are extremely becoming. A sash of surah silk admits of possibilities in the way of draping of which no other skirt adornment is at all capable, and this pretty new fashion should find great favor in the sight of all who wish their gowns to be fashionable, at the same time that they are graceful and artistic.

One of the coolest and prettiest boating gowns imaginable is made thus:

It was a cream white serge, the front of the skirt being draped with a deep flounce of a loosely-woven cream wool lace, which gave a charming light appearance to the whole. The edge of the lace was richly embroidered, in subdued tones of color, while the long, straight folds of serge drapery at the sides and back were most skilfully arranged so as to give length and elegance to the figure.

This wool lace, which must not be confused with the popular yak, will, I am convinced, be one of the most prominent and pleasing features in the boating costumes of the season.

Another delightful little gown, very appropriate for a young girl's small dance or home dinner dress, was of white silk Indian muslin (a fabric which is being very generally used now in preference to the easily crushed tulle and Brussels net), made with a deep flounce of Valenciennes lace, across the left side of which was tied a graceful bow of white gauze ribbon. For a girl in her teens, such a frock as this would be just perfection.

A more elaborate evening gown was in the palest rose-pink velouting, a delightfully soft and uncrushable kind of silk, made with a demi-train, arranged in long full folds at the back, a graceful variation on the somewhat stiff lines of the so-called "waterfall" backs of some seasons since. The front of this pink gown was very pretty, being draped from the waist downwards with soft cream lace, closely embroidered with tiny pearls. A bunch of pale pink ostrich feathers was fastened half-way down the skirt on the left side.

I saw also here a pretty evening gown for an older wearer, having a train of dark grey velouting, and a folded front to the skirt of pale grey satin merveilleux, the pale grey being covered entirely with a pampille net, sewn all over with glittering steel beads. Another variety of net (which makes up charmingly for summer gowns) has sprays of colored flowers upon a white ground, by far the prettiest design being formed of clusters of the palest lilac blossoms.

Domestic Economy.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is a great fancy for pretty ornamental quilts at present. The old white counterpanes, with raised patterned surface that recall days of one's youth, are no more considered a la mode, but are superseded by flowered cretonnes, edged with a flounce of tinted lace; red Turkey twill, plain, or embroidered with white flourishing thread; gay printed cotton of any nondescript design, the more quaint the better; and lastly hand work work in silks or wools, in any style, on any material.

In old days, in Germany, the housewife prided herself on her embroidered quilts or bed coverlids, and many of the specimens have been brought from England by collectors of work, and copied accurately in coloring and design. For the foundation, servant's sheeting is considered the nearest approach to the somewhat coarse linen of those bygone days, so the tracing is done on that, and the surface covered with work.

The edges are left untrimmed, unless the worker happens to have some coarse old Greek or Flemish lace by her, and considers the addition of it an improvement.

These fancy quilts are usually removed in the evening, and only laid over the bed by day. The large cotton fancy handkerchiefs or mufflers used by working men can be adopted by being sewn on to common sheeting.

Three are required, the most effective being laid on in the centre of the quilt, the second being cut so that the four corners form points at the corners of the quilt, and the third divided into four square pieces and sewn on at each side.

A large herring-bone stitch is worked all round the pieces in red knitting cotton, and any extra fancy sewing that taste dictates. The whole will wash perfectly. A good deal of taste and ingenuity can be brought to bear on this subject. For bazaars I have heard that these quilts sell well.

Another style of work is the ornamenting in colored silks or crewels, of an ordinary kitchen table cloth. The tracery on these clothes is sometimes bold, and often artistic, so that there is no trouble designing or adapting. They are, when worked, used also as drawing-room tea-cloths, when a large one is required. Colored ribbon or washing braids are occasionally added.

In shades of China blue, the effect is particularly good, and the work is pleasant, easy, and interesting. Some quilts are darned all over, the design being in shades of color, and the ground of one tint, old gold or dark brick red being popular. The foundation is linen, and the darning is close and all one way—not crossed.

A beautiful specimen of this was exhibited recently. The design was outlined first, and the darning covered the linen completely.

Another quilt, exhibited elsewhere, was composed of two strips of common house flannel, alternating with olive green velvet and bordered with fancy red and green worsted ball fringe. On each flannel strip was a very bold design of large studded poppies, bulrushes, oxeye daisies, and a few leaves, worked in thick worsted, very much raised.

Odds and ends of wools and silks were worked in, and the poppies and bulrushes were padded first, and then worked over to give the raised appearance. Some of the poppy petals were made over black canvas and wire, and turned outwards and downwards. They were made separately, and then attached to the worked poppy, and bent into most natural looking drooping petals.

A screen, with three panels, matching the quilt, was of the same flannel, with a band of velvet at the base, and mounted in simple dark green stained wood. In the centre panel were bulrushes and yellow and purple iris. It is much the fashion now to have the quilt and a tall screen standing near the bed, of the same style, either in work or cretonne.

Coarse cream linen forms the panels of some screens, and on this is embroidered a design of large sunflowers, tulips, and other flowers, or it is painted in oils. Oil painting looks well on linen. A painted quilt is not uncommon, the design being in the centre and at the four corners.

Painting on large mother-of-pearl shells from Japan is a recent idea, and when ornamented in oils or water-colors they look beautiful. Like many other little fashions of the day, there is no particular use for them, but they look well on a table. They hold odds and ends, and last, but not least, they sell well at bazaars.

The drain pipes are not so much in vogue for painting as they were, for copies of them in colored pottery are now to be had, and so the rage for home decorations in that line is almost at an end. But their place has been taken by ornamental chimney pots, and these serve the same purpose—i. e., holding sticks and umbrellas in a vestibule or a tall fern, and are colored with the house paint sold in little tins.

Tamborines are getting larger, and are to be seen occasionally fixed to the wall with a beautifully painted landscape or group of flowers filling the vellum centre.

A satin ribbon is twisted round the edge, and finished off in a bow at the top. Some I have seen lately are the size of a large plaque, and form pretty wall ornaments.

Others are rested on a small table easel, and surrounded by a plush scarf, or are fixed to a plush background, mounted over wood. Little brown tin biscuit canisters are now decorated with a wreath of painted flowers round them, with a spray on the top. Wooden hand glasses are beautified in the same way, with a cluster painted on the back.

If intended as a present the name of the recipient is painted right across the back, with the letters composed of forget-me-nots or with a spray of them thrown across behind the name.

The "Duchess" oblong table pincushions are to be seen about pretty rooms now, made in broche satin edged with lace, or in beaded plush, or in plain satin. They measure about 8in. long, and 4in. wide on an average, but some are smaller; indeed, they are made to individual fancy.

Old scraps of fancy brocades can be ably utilized in covering these pincushions, and bits of old real lace form the fringe round them. They are very acceptable presents to elderly ladies, as they are intended to stand on a little table at the elbow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As years advance and interests widen, we see with larger eyes, and refuse to let minute evils destroy in us, and in those dear to us, that equal mind, which, accepting life as a whole in all its earnestness and reality, its beauty and sadness combined, weighs calmly and strikes bravely the balance of good and evil.

Confidential Correspondents.

STAFFORD.—There is such a word as reconcileableness in the language, but very seldom used. It is pronounced rek-kon-si-la-ble-nes.

F. P.—We do not advertise the addresses of business houses in this column. Send a postal directed to yourself and we will give you the required information.

HAVEN.—The first cable was laid in 1858, and messages were exchanged through it for about two weeks. The next attempt was made in 1865, but failed. In 1866 the cable was successfully laid.

J. M.—Instructions to applicants who wish to enter the United States civil service will be sent you should you write requesting them from the United States Civil Service Commission,' Washington, D. C.

D. L.—Write to your faithless suitor and request an explanation of his conduct. You will then be enabled to judge whether he be worthy of pardon, or whether you ought to be the first to desire that the engagement shall be broken off.

FORTNEY.—The lines:

"The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward,"

are from Tobin's play, The Honeymoon, act ii., sc. 1.

V. R.—Parties when introduced to each other by a very intimate and mutual friend, often shake hands with each other, particularly men, when they are desirous of improving the acquaintanceship. But if presented in a formal manner to a lady, then a polite bow is sufficient.

VENUS.—A lady who is troubled with an admirer that is constantly talking of money matters, may consider him a mercenary, stupid, and wearisome lover, incapable of returning her affections; but most likely one who will secure her, in case of marriage, a comfortable home with a certain position.

O. P.—St. Vitus's dance, or chorea, consists in convulsive movements of the voluntary muscles of the body. It is to be distinguished from epilepsy and hysteria by the respiration being unaffected and by the constant occurrence of the convulsions during waking hours. The treatment consists chiefly in attending to the condition of the digestive organs in the first instance, and cold bathing is specially recommended.

SERGEANT.—A gentleman, when meeting a lady of his own acquaintance in the street, should not be the first to offer to shake hands, unless he be on very friendly terms with her. If a lady shows herself sometimes cordial and at other times cold towards a gentleman, it is indicative of a capricious disposition, and he has a right to resent such conduct by passing by with merely raising his hat in a distant and formal manner.

ELLEN.—A lady may be said to be an old maid at almost any age; but when she actually becomes that much-talked-of being, we know not. We are inclined to the opinion, that the reputation for old maidishness depends, at least for a long period, more on manner than on years. We have heard girls not out of their teens classed as old maids, on account of their affectation and primness; while a frank, hearty, genial, refined and unaffected manner has fended off the suspicion of old-maidhood until the age of thirty-five or upwards.

DORAN.—There is no reason why you should not become fondly attached to such a lady as you describe the attractive widow to be, but as all excesses are bad, you should not carry your penchant to excess. Affections need regulating as passions do, and while you reciprocate, as far as legitimate, the fascination she throws over you, nevertheless you should so control and guide your feelings as not to arouse your own self-condemnation, and lessen her fondness for you by causing her to think you on this point inexcusably—we will not say silly, but—weak.

DISBELIEVER.—It was in the search for the "Philosopher's Stone," supposed to possess the property of transmuting the baser metals into gold, "the elixir of life," etc., that valuable facts were collected by which the science of chemistry was advanced. Diocletian, in his conquest of Egypt in 296, destroyed all books relating to the science of alchemy. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs diffused the science throughout the globe. The elder Disraeli states that Sir Humphrey Davy assured him that "making gold might be no impossible thing," though publicly divulged, a very useless discovery.

H. H.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance, and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick take counsel of the best physician you know, and follow nature.

E. S. T.—Politeness is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. We would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in the little hourly occurrences of life. It is a perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with?

YOUNGSTER.—To expand the lungs, step out into the pure air, stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing your lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are entirely empty. The process should be repeated three or four times a day.